

# THE SCOURGE.

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JUNE 1, 1811.

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## THE DINNER AT SALT HILL.

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GREAT was the indignation excited in the bosoms of the Four-in-hand at our report of Mr. B.'s speech before the meeting at the Red Lion at Barnet. Several suspicious looking persons have since been lurking about our office brandishing their whips in all the activity of anticipated action ; but whether these persons might be the members themselves or their coachmen, it was impossible for our messenger to ascertain from their manner or appearance. Afraid that we should again be able to detail their speeches and proceedings they were resolved for this time at least to steal a day's march upon us, and actually assembled in Cavendish-square on the 2d of May, though the *third* had been announced in their advertisements. Now this was equally cruel to themselves and unjust to the public ; for what purpose do they become members of the club, but that of notoriety ? They seem indeed to have lost much of their last year's *esprit de corps* ; only seven of their number attended, and the journey to Salt Hill was long and melancholy.

On their arrival at the appointed place, however, the face of things assumed a more pleasing aspect. Their old friends Jockey of Barnet, and Billy Devil, the driver of the Oxford stage, were already at the place of appointment : at the especial request of the latter gentleman Frisky Fan, ny of Newman-street was admitted as a member pro tempore, and as the memory of a lady on subjects like these may usually be trusted, we may pride ourselves we hope

on the accuracy with which we have been enabled to report their proceedings.

After the usual toasts and sentiments had been circulated the president rose, and delivered the following short but eloquent harangue.

“ Gentlemen! I mean ladies and gentlemen! there being one lady here only, though its all the same for that as far as regards politeness. Well! as I was going to say, we have all got into the SCOURGE, and my speech is there, and you are all abused, and they say such things as certainly deserve horse-whipping. Now, gentlemen, you should support me, it stands to reason that you should; you won't forsake your president, why Lord it can't be. We are all friends here, and I trust, gentlemen, on you, to help me to give the SCOURGE a horse-whipping. Why didn't I shew my learning, and don't they laugh at me just the same as if I'd been an ignoramus. Didn't I talk about a Phaeton, and Ovid, and the sun; and about Jerry Bohum, and the Israelites, and the Bible, and the Four-in-hand, and a'nt it all true, and a'nt scholarship a good thing, and education, and classics, and taste, and so forth. Yes! yes! I know better than to be fooled by them out of my character. Wa'nt I flogged at school, and is not flogging of use, seeing that it drives Latin and Greek into one like juice into a whipped pig. Why I say to be sure, and so it always will be, not only a thousand years after we've kick'd the bucket, but in a week or ten days, nay just as we sit here. You all know, ladies and gentlemen; by the bye I forgot the lady just now, but she'll excuse it, seeing its all about business: you all know that one feels queer when one's cut up in these kind of lying thingummys: one's friends do so laugh, though let me tell you its no laughing matter: reputation's reputation, or, as Shakespeare says,

“ He that steals my purse, steals stuff :  
It's something rotten, it's mine, not his,  
And has been slave to a thousand ;  
But he who filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of what don't do him any good  
But makes me cursed poor.

So, ladies and gentlemen, I do propose that the writer of this lying work get a horse-whipping, which will do him good, as well as credit to us; for you know that it would not be proper to send a challenge; this honorable club being just quite proper and fit, and it would not do for any of us to be killed, it being likely that we could not find such another. Beside writers are all a pack of rats, and not like gentlemen of the *four-in-hand*. Why, Lord, I knew that quiz of a fellow, Lord M.'s chaplain, why he has no more notion of driving four-in-hand than a goose, han't a piece above once a month, and can't drink above a pint of wine to save his carcase from mortification. So if you want my opinions, you have them; I don't pretend to be like Mr. Pitt, but I'll talk English, and grammar, and propriety, with the best of them, and I'll defy any of them to give a better sentiment than mine, which shall be, gentlemen,

“ The *Four-in-hand* for ever more.”

Captain M. immediately rose, and exclaimed with great dignity, “ Zounds, gentlemen, so we are all to be scourged are we? I'll be d——d if we be though! not that I care *this* for these scribblers! not I by ——! I defy them to put me into a passion, curse them! Horse-whipping's too good for them. Let them be ducked, and be d——d to them! I say, gentlemen, they're a set of d——n blackguards, and if I had the handling of them, I'd kick them all into the Thames! the b——y scoundrels: attack me indeed! I'll teach them to attack me; a pretty set of fellows to attack any body! I'll teach them a little manners. Only stop, gentlemen, and then if I don't in a day or two play hell with them, why then I'm a bl——d puppy.” (Here the gentleman's speech became rather confused; he foamed at the mouth, and after uttering a volley of well selected oaths, gave place to the next speaker.)

Lord P——. “ I am amazingly sorry, Mr. President, that such a very unpleasant subject should come before us. It excessively incommodes me. Pray, waiter, shut down the window. Gentlemen, I am sure you will bet with due decorum and prudence. Now Capt. M. it really distresses

me to observe that these persons have behaved unpolitely. I beg pardon, Capt. Agar! your glove is beneath the table; pray are they chicken or York tan. This is a very serious affair, Mr. President, and permit me to say we should act with spirit; indeed, indeed, I think we should. But I will not presume to trespass on the time of the club; it is nearly eight o'clock, and tea is coming in. These, Sir, are my sentiments, which it will give me pleasure to hear supported or refuted."

Lord H.—"I should like to know what all this noise is about! What the devil! are we always to be in hot water? Is our time to be taken up with such stuff as this? No! no! I'll horsewhip the fellow myself, and there's an end of it. We have other things to do. We must look to our tits. They are not to be neglected, because an author chuses to provoke us. Buxton has to try a new figure of eight next Saturday, and it's a little too bad therefore to distract his caput just at this minute when he should be thinking about that."

Hon. Mr. M.—"And by the powers! if I catch the fellow I'll send him to St. Patrick. In the swate cause of friendship it's all fair. And I remember now that when I last came from Dublin, I heard of this fellow in my own house, which all the world knows is in dear Tipperary, which is surely the prettiest country all but itself, that the sun ever shone upon! and so says I, who is he, my honey? and they answered, and by Jasus we don't know! and how can that be, says, I. Och! my dear, because I never heard his name; Nor I neither, says I—, then says he, and who may you mean pray. Oh! Oh! thought I, you are quite out of the matter, and so I came to England; but as for the fellow's name I can't remember it for the soul of me, and for why! A very good reason, let me tell you, I never heard it; tho' I know he's a dirty blackguard. So faith! you may rely upon it, Mr. President, and never miss into the bargain."

## TO THE COMMITTEE AND PATRONS OF THE LITERARY FUND.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

AFTER long and attentive observation of the manner in which the revenues of your society are applied, and of the effects that are produced by an adherence to your original plan on the happiness and fortunes of the literary world, I may be excused for exercising in a mode less invidious than that of personal interference, that privilege of animadversion which is not only the right of your associates, but of every individual connected with the press.

To a benevolent mind, unwilling to disregard any possibility of relieving misfortune, the establishment of the Literary Fund would appear at first sight to be a subject of national gratulation. Independent of that sympathy which we naturally feel for suffering genius, the philosophical philanthropist would endeavour to reform the morals and cultivate the habits of a people by rewarding and supporting their instructors. The distresses of men of letters have been so common a theme of elegiac and rhetorical declamation, that even the sentimental enthusiast would be ashamed of having wept over calamities, which, now that the opportunity had arrived, he felt no disposition to relieve.

Other motives, however, than of shame, or charity, or enthusiasm, may be suspected to have influenced many of your subscribers. To be regarded as the protectors of literature must be no contemptible object of ambition to those lordly witlings and doggrel rhymsters who have been the firmest friends and the most officious eulogists of the institution. To give ten pounds to a hospital is only a proof of benevolence, but to contribute a single guinea to the Literary Fund is at once an evidence of humanity and taste. Yet, notwithstanding the bathos of Moore and the doggrel of Fitzgerald, the expedience or utility of an institution conducted on your present plan remains to be demonstrated. Whatever relief is adminis-

tered to a professional individual, or whatever dependence may be placed within his reach, except as an auxiliary to professional industry, can have no other tendency than to paralyze exertion, and to erase from the mind those impressions of terror which naturally attend the prospective contemplation of pecuniary distress. The most powerful stimulus to industry is the fear of actual destitution. The conduct of men of letters affords too many proofs that they are not superior to the common failings of mankind; and I am afraid there is no one instance in which a fund established for the relief of distressed persons in other respectable professions has been, unless its operation was solely preventative of the least advantage to the public. It generally happens, indeed, that the number of persons requiring eleemosynary aid is much greater immediately after the establishment of such institutions than at any preceding period. The projectors of these societies do no more good to the community than the person who should cover a pit-fall with straw: they conceal from the unwary and inconsiderate that danger which prudence might avoid, and by which presumption might be deterred. The traveller who sees the precipice before him, will pursue the beaten track with steadiness and security; but if he once, tempted by the deceitful appearance of a fragile support, venture near the edge of the declivity, he should rather be grateful to providence than proud of his own sagacity and prudence, if he escape with difficulty from impending destruction.

The great object of your society should not be to relieve distress, but to prevent it. It is too late to deliberate on the actual deserts of an unfortunate applicant when he is perishing; and the funds of the institution may be wasted in the reiterated relief of temporary necessities without any advantage to the public, when a small proportion of them applied in a more regular manner might be of essential and permanent benefit to the interests of literature. It does not require any extraordinary degree of sagacity to perceive that *five* pounds are better employed in the prevention of distress than a *hundred* pounds in its relief. Yet how many of the unfortunate gentle-

men who have had occasion to apply to the society within the last year might have been secured from those misfortunes by which they were afflicted, or from the temptation to those errors that had reduced them to destitution, if the benevolence of the society had been as judicious as it was liberal? Many an author who has received five pounds to keep him from a prison, might, a few months before, have been placed in a situation of ease and competence, not by the pecuniary donation of the committee, but by their patronage. A gentleman of exalted talents and amiable manners, who fell a victim a few months ago to poverty and disappointment, applied a few weeks previous to his death, through the medium of a friend for such a sum of money, or such intermediate assistance from the society as might enable him to publish an important work, on which the greater part of his life had been employed, and from the reception of which he looked forward to the establishment of his fame and the recovery of his fortune. An answer was returned that "the funds of the society were appropriated only to the relief of actual distress." Oppressed by sickness and despair, he solicited pecuniary relief, and they sent him ten pounds. Since his decease, his works have been published for the benefit of his daughters, and have produced a clear profit of more than six hundred and fifty pounds. Assistance afforded thus injudiciously, with so little accommodation to circumstances, and so profound an ignorance of the human character, can only injure the community, and disgrace the individuals whose intentions are so little within the direction of their judgment.

A society like yours can only be rendered conspicuously useful, by the application of its funds to forward the publication of meritorious works, to procure the young and inexperienced author (of which description the number is considerable) such literary engagements as might be suited to his habits and abilities; and to advance the scholastic or academical progress of those who have given evident proofs of genius and integrity. Above all things it ought to be remembered that no literary talents will atone for profligacy of principle and indecency of conduct. In every

other profession we estimate the degree of compassion or assistance that ought to be granted to an unfortunate individual by the general tenor of his moral and domestic conduct: it is only when we speak of the man of letters that wickedness is regarded as venial, and that the most shameless acts of dishonesty and indecorum are treated with complacent indulgence. But if it be your sincere wish to contribute to the happiness and welfare of the literary world, you will not confound a Cary with a W——, or a Bloomfield with a Dermody.

If your present system of benefaction must be continued, it is at least desirable that the intentions of the society should in every instance be executed with promptitude and politeness. On the latter of these topics, my present limits will not permit me to dilate, especially as any unpleasantness arising from the *manner* of granting the society's donations is of trifling importance, when compared with the evils that arise from *procrastination*. An instance has lately come to my knowledge, in which the unfortunate applicant was obliged to remain about a fortnight in a lock-up house, before the Rev. Mr. Yates, whom I believe to be a worthy and respectable man, could give a definitive answer to his request. It is needless to add that half the sum which was at the expiration of that period found necessary, would on his first application have relieved his distress, and procured his liberation.

Your anniversary is past, and you have again rendered yourselves the scoff of the community, by permitting your doggrel laureate to resound your praises in the most fulsome and nauseous form of eulogy. The repetition of an indecorum so flagrant, after the repeated marks of public scorn and indignation which it has called forth, betrays a meanness of spirit not only in the versifier himself, but in his noble, reverend, and gentlemanly auditors, that it might have been hoped was foreign to the character of Englishmen. But some men are benevolent without charity and religious without piety, and of this description are all those who "sit attentive" to the strains of a poetaster, who ascribes to them a virtue of which the very essence is unconsciousness.

MONITOR.

SPECIMENS OF A NEW MAGAZINE,  
TO BE ENTITLED  
THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY, OR LITERARY AND POLI-  
TICAL REGISTER.

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*To the Editor of the Monthly Miscellany.*

SIR,

FROM the pages of your admirable work I have derived *both profit and instruction*. Your correspondent, S. C. has some very just remarks on the subject of porringers. I remember that on my last journey to Cumberland, I saw several porringers, out of which the children were eating porridge. Pray, Mr. Editor, can any of you give an explanation of B. C. Y. so often written on the walls with chalk?

Your warm admirer and constant reader,

P. X. Q.

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SIR,

Permit me, Sir, to request the derivation of the word sheriff. I remember when the present Sir Richard Phillips executed that office in so noble a manner, the subject gave rise to much discussion. I suppose it is a corruption of shire of, *alias* of shire; i. e. of the county of Middlesex.

Yours, in great haste,

TOM TIT.

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MR. EDITOR,

Some of your ingenious correspondents would much oblige your numerous readers by informing them whether yellow or white soap be best for whitening the skin. I remember a few days ago, that when I left a quarter of a pound of hard soap in the water, it was almost entirely dissolved when the maid went up to clean the room. Such things should be guarded against.

I remain, Sir, with great personal as well as general admiration,

Your friend and contributor,

QUI.

## MONTHLY OBITUARY.

“ON the sixth of this month, Sir R. P. *Knight*, his death was occasioned by breaking a blood-vessel, while severely reprehending an author for the *mistakes* committed in the revision of his *Essay on Juries*. He was born in Leicestershire, and from a *humble* situation by *honesty*, *affability*, and *disinterestedness*, he raised himself to the *high* office of sheriff of London and Middlesex, *obtained* the *honor* of knighthood from his sovereign, and moved in that circle of society to which his VIRTUES and TALENTS so eminently entitled him. HUMILITY and MODEST *diffidence* were the prominent features of his character—no man had a *meaner* opinion of *himself*, or was more inclined to listen with deference to the opinions of others. *Inoffensive* in his *manners*, and not *less feeling* in his heart, his hand was *always* open to the relief of distress, and the furtherance of benevolent purposes. As a man of business he was remarkable for the CORRECTNESS AND ORDER OF HIS ACCOUNTS, for *prompt* payment and for a *noble detestation* of that nefarious system of BILL MANUFACTURING so ruinous to the public. His epistolary correspondence bears satisfactory testimony of his PEACEABLE disposition, his *ingenuousness* and his *courtesy*. He was indeed a MODEL of *simple* and *genuine* politeness; there was *nothing* of POMPOSITY in his *address*; yet, though unassuming he was (NOT) destitute of *dignity*!! He was an excellent *classical* scholar. As an author, whether we consider the varied research, or the deep reflection by which his publications are characterised, he stands without a rival. It may be justly said indeed that nothing similar has ever been produced. But his great praise was INTEGRITY as a bookseller. Of ANONYMOUS publications his *dislike* is well known. He thought that it was possible to be at once scurrilous and weak, impotent and malicious. He therefore never suffered *any* productions to issue with his sanction that were not published with the REAL NAMES of their authors. He had an *honest* ANTIPATHY to PUFFING, and took particular care that the works *he* published should be

free from any undue bias towards himself and his connections. LAW was his abhorrence, and in the long course of his active life, he *never* descended even to personal altercation except in the fatal instance immediately preceding his death.

“Of so GREAT a loss the nation are duly sensible. Subscriptions are about to be opened for the erection of a monument in St. Paul's, between those of Nelson and Johnson; our worthy chief magistrate is expected to attend the funeral; the body will lay in state for a fortnight, and after being embalmed, conveyed to the family vault, but in what part of the kingdom that may be, we shall not hazard a conjecture. It is expected that a long train of mourners, consisting of authors, stationers, engravers, printers, and their *body guard* of little devils, will attend, as well to do honour to the ceremony as to prevent that tumult which naturally attends the concourse of so many thousands as will assemble to witness the *last journey* of so great a man; and that nothing may be wanting to testify the national veneration for his memory, a *Monody on his Death* will be written and recited at the anniversary of his birth-day by *William Thomas Fitzgerald*, Esquire.”

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“ ORIGINAL POETRY.”

TO FANCY.

And who is she in buskined pace,  
That o'er the light dew triply dances,  
As thro' the eyes of Memory's face,  
Love's breathing ardor warmly glances.  
I see her tripping o'er the lawn  
By sylphs and fairy forms attended,  
At the first peep of morning's dawn,  
When night and day are sweetly blended.  
I hear her on the darksome wall,  
Of castled ruins, now so gloomy,  
But once the scene of festive ball,  
When knights were brave, and lodgings roomy.

I *feel* her when in playful dreams,  
 My Albert in my arms reposes,  
 When Paradise the chamber seems ;—  
 My couch appears a bed of roses.  
 I *taste* her when the cordial white,\*  
 Thro' my warm veins is softly thrilling,  
 Or bumpering filled it sparkles bright,  
 And brims the edge yet not o'er-spilling.  
 I *smell* her when ambrosia fails,  
 T'o'erpower Sir Richard's *breath*, nor wonder  
 His lady *talks* aerial gales,  
 Her husband *speaks* in BOGGIAN THUNDER.  
 O could my *sixth* sense, (dear Buffon,  
 Of nature's inmost secrets knowing !)  
 Be blest ; with fancy joined as one ;  
 Our mutual ardor fondly glowing,  
 Each wish fulfilled, not heaven from me  
 Should force one wish of parting thither ;  
 But since, alas ! a *female* she,  
 Why let her brother *Love* come with her.

LESBIA.

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JOHN WILLIAMS (*soi-disant* L. L. D.) *Alias* ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

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IN dragging before the tribunal of the public the miserable reptile who has now the presumption to appear in the character of a *dramatic censor*, we are not only rendering a service to the community in general, but to a large majority of the most meritorious performers at the two theatres, whose feelings he has lacerated, and whose characters he has vilified for the purpose of profiting by their fears, or of revenging their resistance to his pecuniary demands. In the world of literature he has been long

\* A vulgar liquor called Gin.

regarded as too contemptible for attack; the name of Pasquin is synonymous with every thing that is stupid in intellect or execrable in morals: but actors are seldom enabled to form a just estimate of a writer's influence on the opinions of the world, and they still regard this self-dubbed doctor of laws as a person of some consequence in the department of theatrical criticism. Some of them he has bullied into acquiescence, others are glad of seizing any opportunity, or of employing any means to bring their names before the notice of the public; but the greater number are impressed with a remembrance of his success as the author of the *Children of Thespis*. They forget that popularity is sometimes the fate of dulness and the result of accident; and that he who by dint of hard labour for more than five years is able to produce a tolerable collection of verses, may as he becomes more enervated by profligacy, and more degraded in his moral character, become at the same time less capable of intellectual effort, and less inclined to application.

John Williams was originally a miniature-painter, but possessed of so little skill in his profession, that he found it necessary after many unsuccessful endeavours to succeed in the metropolis, to earn his subsistence by travelling round the country, and taking half-crown likenesses of the visitors of village ale-houses. From sketching the faces of the customers, he was soon reduced to paint the signs of the landlords; and in his perambulations from London to Caernarvon, and from Caernarvon to York, he is reported to have "designed and executed" as many bulls, lions, and foxes, and have drank as many well-earned pots of two-penny as any itinerant sign-painter mentioned in the *Spectator*. Sorry we are that none of the productions of his brush or his pencil are now to be discovered: his portraits of great men would have "*involved many points*" of comparison with his literary delineations of the performers; and his *daubs* of blue lions and red cows, afforded a delightful study to those who admire the coarser productions of his pen.

When he arrived at York he formed a scheme equally ingenious and successful. He introduced himself to the

performers as the author of several popular theatrical criticisms, and as on terms of particular confidence with the London managers. The actors afraid of his influence over the press, and eager to catch at the slightest hope of engagement on the London boards, endeavoured either to obviate his censure, or to cultivate his favor, by *sitting for their portraits*. For two or three months the artifice succeeded, but unfortunately the London manager himself chancing to make his appearance the deception was detected, and Mr. Williams obliged to decamp for the metropolis.

As he had deluded the country performers by boasting of his influence in London, he obtained attention from the London performers by boasting of his influence in the country; and though in a few weeks his true character was discovered, yet having in the mean time established a connection with a newspaper, he suspended his critical rod over their heads *in terrorem*, and obtained either money or a dinner from every actor who was ambitious of his praise or afraid of his censure.

Mr. Barrymore, at present of Covent-garden theatre, alone resisted his demands, and defied his threatenings. A quarrel ensued. Williams drew a knife on his adversary, which was fortunately wrested from his grasp, and Mr. Barrymore immediately had recourse to legal proceedings; but whether the affair was compromised, or by what other means Pasquin escaped the punishment of his crime, we have not been informed.

During the time that Miss Farren, now Lady Derby, was playing in Ireland, Pasquin wrote to her to say that having been requested by a bookseller to compile a memoir of her life, "he had enclosed her two biographical sketches, one of which was highly complimentary to her private and professional character; the other such as would ruin her for ever, but *the natural good disposition of his nature* had prompted him to serve her," and that "it was *within her ability* to possess his friendship." On the receipt of this packet Miss Farren consulted a professional gentleman, who wrote to Pasquin in terms that effectually secured her from any further attempts on her pocket.

Finding, however, that his scheme of intimidating the performers, by holding over them the tomahawk of criticism was tolerably successful, he was resolved to make a similar experiment on the professors of the fine arts. His criticisms being written with some degree of technical knowledge, acquired during his apprenticeship, his censures were not ill calculated to alarm the most sensitive candidates for professional fame, nor his style entirely unadapted to the required species of puffing. He therefore prostituted his services to the highest bidder, and blamed or praised every individual artist, in proportion as they withheld or granted their pecuniary douceurs and their invitations to dinner. If an artist refused him half a guinea, a whole column of the newspaper was devoted in a day or two to the degradation of his moral and professional character; but if in a few weeks the same artist was willing to purchase a reasonable quantity of puffing in the form of a pamphlet, for two or three pounds the article was at his service.

By these and similar artifices, though Pasquin was able to indulge his sensual propensities he could not obtain the means of domestic comfort. There is a vulgar proverb which informs us that what is gained by the assistance of Old Nick, is usually spent at his suggestion. Though Mr. Williams dined with Shuter, or passed the evening in amorous dalliance with a favourite actress, he never had a decent home; but was obliged, after spunging on the pockets of the performers or the artists during the evening, to skulk at night to some fourpenny lodging in the neighbourhood of Tothill Fields or Dyot-street; where he concluded the festivities of the day in all the luxury of gin! The porters of the Morning Herald have declared to us, that by some means or other he always contrived to prevent them when accompanying him on business from visiting his lodgings, either by stopping at a coffee-house on the road, or by actually running away as he approached the place of his residence in Somers Town. This we believe to be the case at present, and we have no doubt that after supping with Mrs. Edwin, and drinking a few

bowls of punch at the expence of Melvin, hestaggers home to the garret of a pot-house in the classical neighbourhood of Drury-lane, when he and some fair dulcinea mutually recount the adventures of the day over an additional pint of true blue, or genuine Usquebaugh.

He did not always escape without the chastisement that he so richly merited. We have already mentioned his quarrel with Mr. Barrymore; and the proprietor of the Morning Herald, for whom he now acts as critical and punning assistant, having threatened to horsewhip him, poor Pasquin was obliged to cancel the offending paragraph, and indite an humble apology for his "error."

When Warren Hastings was under trial for his conduct in India, Pasquin eagerly seized so favourable an occasion of making what he is accustomed to call a "good thing;" he therefore offered him his literary services; but the governor, though he returned a polite answer to his note, declined his assistance.

Finding that nothing "was to be made" of the *ci-de-rant* governor-general by civility, he sent several threatening letters, in the hope of working on his fears by pretended charges for all kinds of literary puffing: the last of these epistles he had the hardihood to publish in the Pin-basket, as containing a history of human ingratitude.

The reader will justly conclude that no notice was taken of this attack. The character of Pasquin was by this time become so notorious that nothing could injure any individual but his praise. Shunned by all who had any claim to personal respectability; hated by every professional man, and despised by the literary world, nothing was wanting to drive him from society but that full and legal exposition which was so ably commenced in the writings, and so decisively concluded by the personal exertion of Mr. Gifford, and the professional skill and individual eloquence of his counsel.

It is now about sixteen years since Mr. Gifford, the translator of Juvenal, published his *Baviad*, a poem in imitation of Persius, in which he introduced the following character of the modern *Bavius*.

Why dost thou tack, most simple Anthony,  
The name of Pasquin to thy ribald strains;  
Is it a fetch of wit, to let us see  
Thou, like that statue, 'art devoid of brains?

But thou mistak'st: for know, tho' Pasquin's head  
Be full as hard, and near as thick as thine,  
Yet has the world admiring on it read  
Many a keen gibe, and many a sportive line.

While nothing from thy jobbernowl can spring  
But impudence and filth; for out, alas!  
Do what we will 'tis all the same vile thing,  
Within all brick-dust, and without all brass,

Then blot the name of Pasquin from thy page;  
'Thou seest it will not thy poor riff-raff sell.  
Some other would'st thou take; I dare engage,  
*John Williams*, or *Tom Fool* will do as well.

"It has been represented to me that I should do well to avoid all mention of this man, from a consideration that one so lost to every sense of decency and shame was a fitter object for the beadle than the muse. This has induced me to lay aside a second castigation, which I had prepared for him, though I do not think it expedient to omit what I had formerly written. One word more—I am told that there are men so weak as to deprecate this miserable object's abuse, and so vain, so despicably vain, as to tolerate his praise; for such I have nothing but pity;—though the fate of Hastings, see the "Pin basket to the Children of Thespis," holds out a dreadful lesson to the latter; but should there be a man or a woman, however high in rank, base enough to purchase the venal pen of this miscreant for the sake of traducing innocence and virtue; then—I was about to threaten, but 'tis not necessary: the profligate cowards who employ Anthony can know no severer punishment than the support of a man, whose acquaintance is infamy and whose touch is poison."

Pasquin became furious; but his subsequent conduct was not merely dictated by anger. Having no doubt that the

verses were libellous, he thought that now, at least, the opportunity of making his fortune had arrived: and he immediately commenced actions for damages against *forty* booksellers. And yet the fellow who thus appealed to the laws of his country for compensation for the injury inflicted on his character, had, as the judge observed, been himself a libeller "of the child in his cradle to the king upon his throne," and had *ate his libel, drank his libel, and slept upon his libel*. The court observed that no man could come into a court of justice to seek damages for libel, who was himself a libeller; and a verdict was given for the defendant.

His flight was necessary, but how was he to defray the expences of a voyage? Mr. Gifford asserts that "without meat, and without money he applied to a charitable institution for a few guineas, with which he shipped himself off for America;" but in this particular the author of the *Baviad* is incorrect: Pasquin did indeed apply to the *Literary Fund*, but his application was rejected. He therefore had recourse to the friendship of Incedon, who raised a subscription of about twenty pounds, of which he had no sooner obtained possession than he went over to Ireland, from whence, having obtained an additional sum from the kindness or credulity of the inhabitants of Dublin, he took his passage for America.

On his arrival at Philadelphia he engaged the compassionate attention of a few English refugees, to whom the violence of his democratic feelings were sufficiently known. With their assistance he established a newspaper by subscription, but Mr. Cobbett being at that time a strenuous loyalist, and having obtained some particulars of his life and character, attacked him with so much vigor and effect that Pasquin became once more the butt of public ridicule and the object of general indignation. His newspaper was dropped after the appearance of a few numbers, and he took a precipitate flight from Philadelphia to New York.

At the beginning of his newspaper career, he persuaded a buxom widow of forty-five to become the partner

of his bed. On the failure of his undertaking, and his consequent departure for Philadelphia, he contrived to elude her vigilance and to make his escape, leaving nothing valuable behind him but his wife. After a search of some months, she discovered the place of his residence at New York, and immediately commenced a suit for the recovery of her property. But in the mean time he had made preparations for his return across the Atlantic. His common topics of conversation during his residence in America, were his friendship with princes, and his influence at court. The good people of New York, unacquainted with the state of society in England, were convinced that though the editor of the *Federalist* might be poor, he was a man of consequence, but the admiration of ale-house clubs could not satisfy his hunger. Accident threw him in the way of a watchmaker, who supposed himself to have made a wonderful improvement in the construction of time-pieces. Pasquin immediately offered him his interest with the astronomer royal of Great Britain, on condition of the watchmaker paying his passage to London: and about two years after the departure of Williams from England, he relanded at Gravesend in company with the unfortunate watchmaker and his brother!

The money he had borrowed of these deluded men, who were too soon convinced that his influence with the astronomer royal was at least equal to his intimacy with princes, supported him for some time; but at length it became necessary to have recourse to some expedient of supply. Just at this moment he fell into company with the performer Mr. Incledon, to whom he had been indebted for the subscription previous to his departure from England. To him he related his distresses, and by protestations of everlasting gratitude prevailed upon him to introduce a song of his composition into a splendid piece about to be brought forward at the Theatre. The introduction of one of his songs upon the stage, would, he observed, reestablish his fame, and ultimately contribute to his pecuniary advantage. On the day after the representation of the piece,

no part of which but Pasquin's song was received with disapprobation, Mr. Incledon was astonished by a letter from him demanding ten pounds for "the verses so universally applauded." Mr. Incledon was not confounded by his impudence, and on Pasquin's having recourse to legal means of enforcing his demand, Mr. Incledon called upon his (Pasquin's) attorney, Mr. Cobb of Clements Inn, who was so far convinced of his client's infamy as to decline any further procedure in the case.

After the lapse of a short time we find him at Paris, existing partly by association with strumpets, and partly, as we have great reason to suspect, by communicating secret intelligence to the English Government. How long he remained at Paris, or to what arts of subsistence he had recourse immediately on his return, we are unable to say. His name was almost forgotten, and the few who remembered him began to hope that he had disappeared for ever; when lo! the veterans of the theatrical world were astonished and dismayed by the reappearance of Anthony Pasquin, the scavenger of theatrical criticism, under the stile and title of John Williams, DOCTOR OF LAWS. So strange a metamorphosis naturally excited some enquiries from whence the reverend signor had procured his degree; but hitherto the investigation has been fruitless.

Having established, however, a connection with the Morning Herald, and announced his intention of establishing a *Dramatic Censor*, he again rose into some degree of consequence, and partly by threats and partly by cajolery, he has again insinuated himself into the green rooms of the theatres, and procured a circle of acquaintance among the performers. From one he receives a *douceur* for a puff, and from another a bonus for his silence; at one time he is invited to dinner by way obviating of his enmity, and at another for the purpose of rewarding his subservience.

The female upon whom he has chiefly subsisted for some time past is Mrs. Edwin, who is of course represented in his pages as a model of feminine and professional perfection. His person and his manners are an antidote to incontinence, or he would probably have fixed upon some

object of idolatry not only remarkable for the generosity of her disposition, but for the warmth of sexual sensibility.

It is almost needless to observe that the Dramatic Censor was established for the mere purpose of overawing the performers into compliance with pecuniary and personal demands. But his malignity is at least equalled by his dulness; and we should not suppose that any actor or actress could hope or fear any material benefit or injury from the praise or censure of a writer whose productions *will not sell*. The Censor was originally announced for publication monthly, but the last number, (No. III.) is intended for two months, and six are now intended to complete the annual volume. We verily believe that if any man was capable of embodying in one work all the faults of all the writers who have ever disgraced the literature of England, his production would be excelled in every quality of bad writing by the criticisms of Anthony Pasquin. His proficiency in grammar may be determined by such sentences "as *neither* of these pieces *possess* the recommendation of novelty," &c. (No. III. 202). "And when compared with *modern operas*, it towers infinitely above them, as *THEY* are in general such monstrous and mishapen exhibitions, that whether they play the last act as the first or not, *neither ITS plot or ITS interest* can suffer by the transposition." (234, &c. &c.) Nor are these the errors of hasty composition; they are diffused throughout his works, and systematically introduced. The concluding line of his address to the public affords us an entertaining proof of his felicity of metaphor and urbanity of diction. "All authenticated statements (says he) from aggrieved professors (*meaning actors*), which do not *involve* a *feature* of malice, shall have a ready *insertion* in this public organ."

He is peculiarly fond of the word *involve*; at one time nature *involves* a sign, at another the drama *involves* a point. He disdains to express his sentiments in language either simple or familiar; the great object of his ambition is to express common place observations in language at once pedantic and obscure, turgid and inelegant. Wishing

to inform us that sound produces no lasting impression unless it affects the heart, he is pleased to inform us that "though the ear gives a direct and decided welcome to the sound, it can have no *durable establishment with the judgment* unless its claim is ratified by the feeling of the heart. The ear may receive the guest like an useful servant at the hall door, but that guest cannot remain with dignity, unless the great master of the mansion *within*, gives his warrant for the measure." In this exquisite passage, Mr. Sound is in the first place metamorphosed into a husband treating about his lady's jointure, and in the second Ear is represented as a porter in the service of my Lord Heart, who we suppose issues his dictates through the folding doors of the mouth. But, independent of the metaphor, the form of language in which it is expressed is perfectly characteristic of its author. Page 137 we are told that the Greek poets rehearsed their verses to the sound of some instrument (the lyre), and in the manner that they *judged as* the most likely to captivate the senses of their hearers. In the next column he informs us that "improvement, *in* any sort, should be *lauded*," leaving out for the sake of singularity the *ap*-pendage of two letters. p. 138, "Signor Rovedino *enacted* the *essential* character of Oroë." It is his object, we presume, to convince the world by these peculiarities that he writes like a doctor of laws. With the same view probably he always writes *hath* for *has*, *saith* for *says*, &c.—A strange piece of presumption (as he would say) involving a sign of arrogance that doth not become the essential character but of Johnson. When he mentions any celebrated performer, in order to give a more dignified effect to his sentences he prefixes the article *THE*: "*The Catalani* sung as usual;" *the* Vestris displayed his agility: *the* Braham was indisposed.

Among other instances of his faults the following miscellaneous collection will furnish the general reader with a just idea of his literary qualifications: "men as a rude sex have not *that* mental power of discrimination *as* the ladies have." (162.)—Peace, and decency *was* restored by the timely *administration* of a *horse-whip*." (160.) "The come-

dy of the School for Friends is *new to our senses.*" (162.) "We are far from thinking Mr. Braham a singer of *that order who enforces* the great ends of music in a primary sense. (201.) "That just charge can be ascribed to *no other cause*, but *the effects* of a proper harmony between the words and the music." (203.) "It is a primary *obligation* upon our *function* to give this professional gentleman every *support* that our limited *ability* can *comprehend.*" (206.) "Genius, quotha! where are we to find it? If we could discover as much genius in them as should animate and impel a *spider's apprentice to action*, we should have some sort of respect for their agency." (207.) "As Mr. Incledon was another member of that little senate who dared to be honest to themselves and their histrionic brethren, we need not examine the sybilline leaves, to find a cause for his *expatriation* (meaning, gentle reader, his expulsion from the theatre) *either.*" (228.) "After his conception has been *sublimated* by a *divine anthem.*" (229.) "All powerful melody that stole upon their feeling like a *sensual alternative.*" (202.) And finally,

"On his sepulchre should be *indited* this notification."

"Here lies *Touchstone*, by THOMAS KING,  
A co-existent on his powers;  
Like public credit, by British wisdom;  
As no efficient substitute can be found  
For either of the parties!—"

He has long had in his possession the manuscript of a poem entitled the *Kembliad*, of which the most striking feature is witless malignity. By showing detached passages of this poem to some performers he has intimidated them into compliance with his pecuniary demands, and by the publications of a few verses respecting others he hopes to frighten them into conditions of suppression. The Dramatic Censor is interspersed with extracts from this production, and from one of these we shall copy a few verses for the edification of our readers.

Tim the *grimacier* thinks he's quite as great  
In rude distortion as in radiant state;  
Of mortal excellence *bright* Garrick stood,  
Stemming with reason folly's fatal flood!

If tried by policy's elastic laws,  
 TIM may be right, as *either* got applause,  
 And then the *end* may justify the *cause*.  
 Yet Punch is scouted by that fickle town,  
 Who've made TIM's cup run over with renown :

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus Fortune swaddles blockheads till they're warm,  
 And lifts her favorites 'bove the rising storm.

We hope that after this exposition of Pasquin's character, every individual connected with the stage will reject his friendship with abhorrence, and regard his enmity with contempt. For our own parts we are prepared for every mode of revenge that his rage or his cunning may adopt; malignity is the leading feature of his character, but even in the frenzy of revengeful malice he may be impressed with a conviction that violence towards us may be attended with danger to himself; and his conscience will inform him whether it be not in our power to finish the outline sketch of Mr. Gifford.

'Twere long to trace  
 His mazes as he slinks from place to place,  
 To count whene'er unearthed what pumps he bore,  
 What horseponds till the country he foreswore;  
 And chased by public vengeance up and down,  
 Hopeless of shelter fled at once to town;  
 Compelled in crowds to hide his hated head,  
 And sponge on dirty whores for dirty bread.  
 LO! HERE THE REPTILE, who from some dark cell,  
 Where all his veins with native poison swell;  
 Crawls forth, a slimy toad, and spits and spues  
 The crude abortions of his loathsome muse,  
 On all that genius, all that wealth holds dear,  
 Unsullied rank, and piety sincere;  
 While idiot Mirth the base defilement lauds,  
 And Malice with averted face applauds.  
 LO! here the BRUTAL SOT who drench'd with gin,  
 Lashes his wither'd nerves to tasteless sin,  
 Squeals out with oaths and blasphemies between,  
 The impious song, the tale, the jest obscene;

And careless views amidst the barbarous roar,  
His few grey hairs strew one by one the floor.  
Lo! **HERE THE** wrinkled profligate who stands,  
On nature's verge, and from his leprous hands,  
Shakes tainted verse : who bids us with the price  
Of rancorous falsehoods, pander to his vice :  
Give him to live the future as the past,  
And in pollution wallow to the last.

We hope that nothing we have said will be received as including any sentiment of disrespect to the theatrical critics as a body. Many of them we know to be gentlemen of liberal education, accomplished manners, and irreproachable character ; and the public have much reason to be grateful not only for the exertions of those who make dramatic criticism their profession, but of that more numerous class who are led to communicate their observations on the stage, by an enthusiastic attachment to its interests. If critics be sometimes unjust, performers are usually ungenerous, and ungrateful : the petty jealousies of the green-room, and the habits of a theatrical life have a tendency (not it is to be hoped inevitable) to stifle the nobler feelings of the heart ; and the critic who endeavours to combine candor with justice, and to fulfil his public duty, without the repression of his private partialities, will only find at the close of his career, that those whom he has praised, are his enemies because he did not praise them more, and those whom he has censured retain towards him the most inveterate hatred ; and that on every occasion, and in every instance, his forbearance has been ascribed to cowardice, and his severity to malice.

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#### LETTER FROM MRS. S. TO MAJOR S.

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MY DEAR DEAR MAJOR,

My head has been distracted for the last three or four days with this deuce of a bullion committee ; I wish Hor-

ner were among the Caffrees; this will be a shocking session. No business, light business, I mean; no enquiries; nothing in which you can have me brought forward, notwithstanding Laura Matilda has promised me a paragraph, and you could send an account of my examination to the other papers. I really begin to fear that I shall die a poor, lone, domestic creature with no lover but you, and my poor dear William, who has been so consumptive lately that he might as well be absent. To tell you the truth, Major, I am sick of privacy; of all women I only envy Mrs. Clarke. I want to be something if it even be mistress to a Prince; or if not a prince, why perhaps a Marquis might do. I would give a thousand pounds for another investigation—I should have my *cac*, and be better prepared than during the last unfortunate affair. In my mind love is subservient to ambition; you are to be sure a good lover, and a pleasant man, but you do not sport a coronet, frank your letters, or keep two separate establishments. Notoriety is the thing I want, my affair with T. had almost rendered me an object of public attention, and I expected to see half a dozen of the four-in-hand club at my feet, when the public mind was diverted from my quarrels to the Hottentot Venus, and the society for the suppression of vice,—But I promised to let you know a few anecdotes of my life. The truth is I have very little to tell. My husband as you well knew was a good-natured kind of being, but a little loose in his ways of thinking on pecuniary matters; he had just sense enough to live upon his friends, and just gallantry enough to attract the jealousy of a German baron at Vienna, who had been conducted to the frontiers. You know my dear Major, that we did not live in very splendid style: one room, a desk bed, two chairs, and a table was the whole inventory of our furniture for many years; but on the death of my poor papa, who was one of the children of Israel and some time a weaver at Lyons, he left me the stock, of his shop in Monmouth-street, consisting of a large assortment of rags and old iron, and what he called second-hand cloathes. These I disposed of for about thirty

pounds, and as my husband knew nothing about it, it assisted me considerably. Peace to his memory. I put up many a pious prayer that he may become released from this wicked world of sin and sorrow.

Why will you press me about Mr. B?—in that affair I acted only like a woman of the world; I drew him on to love me, and then made free with his purse. Is not this the usual history of modern amours? When I flew from your arms like an emancipated bird, and bid adieu to the grates of Newgate, how could you blame me. I left my husband's bed for yours—I accompanied you to prison, and I could not be accused of incontinency if after being immured for some months I extricated you by doing a little for myself. As for him he never loved a woman in his life; he professed attachment to me for the purpose of effacing certain suspicions respecting his character; but this is an indelicate subject, and you know that I hate indelicacy.

To him I am indebted for my present establishment, and for the ten pound note enclosed in this letter. Use it with discretion. Employ three of it in paragraphs for the newspapers which I will repay you. Do something! any thing! Let me even be abused rather than not talked about. Every day do I take a ramble in the Park, but I know not how it is, I am not noticed; after Mrs. Clarke's appearance there has been established a new scale of notoriety; but I live in hopes; I am not yet much past forty; your alertness may do something, and my own wit accomplish the rest.

As for "amorous notions," I have long since been insensible to what you call sentimental love. Give me that enjoyment which enraptures the body without exhausting the mind. I hate a lover, but would *with my very soul* delight in a seraglio of men. It is petty licentiousness that renders a woman's violation of chastity disgraceful: there is something noble in comprehensive sensuality; in the ardor of exhaustless passion, and the extravagance of limitless desire, I would not, like Pope's Heloise, be

mistress to the man I love; I have a heart too capacious for such a dull circumscription of feeling. But cease not to retain for me those sentiments you expressed in our last interview, and if you do not retain a constant mistress, you shall find a faithful friend in,

*Portman-street, Portman-square,  
May 11th, 1811.*

Dear Major,  
Yours truly,  
S.

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LETTER FROM MAJOR S. IN REPLY TO THE  
ABOVE.

DEAREST MADAM,

I have just this precise moment indited an epistle to a noble personage, to whom I have expressed my firm resolve to go and fight the enemies of my country on the plains of Portugal, as soon as from him I receive sufficient cash to secure my journey to the coast unmolested by the emissaries of the law. What may be the result of this intimation, ten pounds or twenty, my taylor alone is destined to know. I shall through the medium of a common friend *transmit* to you an unexperienced *boy*, not wealthy, but as an acceptor of bills he may be useful. Thirty-five per cent are the terms I demand. A few thousands would raise you a paramour of distinction, and render me the paragon of majors.

When I asked your history I expected to have from you a candid relation. You have forgotten to explain the circumstances of the tea and the arsenic, the indisposition of your husband, and the reports attaching to the nature of the intercourse between C. and you. Prove your friendship by informing me of these; you know my system of morality. You probably thought when you offered up your prayers for your husband's release from this wicked world, that it would be as well to assist their operation; as for the nature of the intercourse *let every man suit his taste.*

Yours, gratefully.

*May 13th, 1811.*

## CHARLES KING.

SINCE the appearance of our first number the collective tribe of money-lenders and extortioners have manifested an alarm which nothing could have excited but a very general conviction of our acquaintance with their plans and our knowledge of their characters. From day to day and from week to week, our office has been crowded with humble supplicants for mercy, or self-convicted denouncers of prospective vengeance. To the prayers of the timid, and the threats of the blustering we are equally insensible; we should but ill-reward the favour of the public, or the expectation of our friends, were we influenced in the performance of our task by any other motive than a *sense of duty*. It required no common degree of intrepidity to encounter the *father* of the person whose character we are about to delineate. After the appearance of the present article the whole strength of the family will be collected against us; if personal violence be ineffectual, they may have recourse to convenient affidavits, and with men reduced to desperation what motives even of worldly prudence, independent of moral rectitude, remains to counterbalance the impulse of revenge.

We have selected John and Charles King as the principal subjects of castigation in this department of our work, because we believe their influence to be more extensive, and their plans more dangerous than those of all the other money-lenders collectively. Scarcely the name of a swindler appears on the records of our police, who has not a direct or indirect connection with the father. In almost every conspiracy for fraud some one of the family is implicated, and the late affair between the Marquis of Headfort and the German Baron, of which we shall communicate some singular particulars, at a proper opportunity, was conducted if not under the im-

mediate direction, yet with the aid and participation of the elder king's connections and dependents.

We have already detailed the circumstances which preceded the flight of the ruined swindler and antiquated peeress to the continent. Her ladyship had a jointure, though a small one; she had connexions, and she was a countess. Mrs. King pursued her husband and his *chère amie* from Leghorn to Paris, and from Paris to Rome; at the latter place she was informed that to *make all sure* the amiable fugitives had been joined together in the bonds of matrimony at every great city within their route. A short while after their return he was indicted for bigamy, and only escaped the punishment due to his wickedness through the mistaken heroism of his wife, who falsely declared that previous to his second marriage a divorce by mutual consent had taken place at Rome. Her father fainted in court, and Mr. King, the countess, and her daughter, retired to Grenville-street, exulting in their security, and wondering at the folly of the woman who had saved the husband from punishment, and the countess and her daughter from indigence and infamy.

The *Marchioness of Mariscotti*, the favourite daughter of her ladyship, continues, we believe, to reside in London in all the splendour of meretricious infamy. She was for a considerable time under the protection of Baron Hompesch, a bully of whom we shall detail the history in a subsequent number. Butler Danvers, the only son of the countess, still sports his carriage, and keeps his girl; but by a long course of profligate extravagance, he has been compelled to mortgage his estates of about ten thousand a year for nine-tenths of their value. The marriage of this person to Miss Danvers, the daughter of Sir John Danvers, a Leicestershire baronet, was one of the most dexterous performances of his father-in-law. Mrs. Williams, one of the dependants of King, and a woman of insinuating address and considerable information, addressed a letter to Miss Danvers, informing her that "being versed in the occult sciences, and having been informed by the stars that out of her mouth were to proceed

the words of Miss Danvers' destiny," she would feel herself "entirely destitute of philanthropy, and unworthy of her high calling were she to conceal the facts communicated unto her." Miss Danvers paid her a visit, and was astonished by the narration of certain circumstances known as she supposed to the family alone, which King had collected with great industry and at considerable expence. After the imagination of Miss Danvers had been inflamed by loose hints and casual observations, and her confidence secured by new communications at each successive visit, Mrs. Williams at length condescended to enter on the business more immediately interesting to her employer. She informed Miss Danvers that on one of three specified days the person destined for her future husband would be walking in the Park; that the gentleman himself had no inclination for matrimony, but that notwithstanding the intervention of this and other difficulties, their union would be finally accomplished. She then described the person of this unknown innamorato in terms of rapture that inflamed Miss D.'s imagination to the highest degree of romantic impatience. Her interest indeed coincided with her inclination. A short while before she had committed a *faux pas* that rendered her absence from Gloucester equally pleasant and convenient: she was now on the verge of forty, and to return with a husband would be the most effectual mode of obliterating her earlier indiscretions from the remembrance of her relatives.

On the third day of her perambulation in the Parks he observed a gentleman exactly answering the description of Mrs. Williams, and looked at him with an attention that appeared to attract the notice of two ladies and a gentleman who joined him. The party now consisted of Mr. King, Lady Lanesborough, her daughter the present Marchioness of Mariscotti, and her son Augustus Butler. The whole plan of the rencontre had been concerted between the parties in the morning. King addressed Miss Danvers, and apologized for his intrusion by observing that his friend, Mr. Butler, appeared to be

known to her. To this she of course replied in the negative; but the conversation became general; and by the address of the Marchioness, Miss Danvers was persuaded to accompany the party home to dinner.

In a short while the marriage was concluded. At first Sir John Danvers was inexorable; but young Butler being really a youth of some desert, as well as of prepossessing appearance, so far won upon the favor of the old man, that on his death-bed he left him all his property amounting to about 30,000*l.* in cash and 9000*l.* a year. It had been stipulated previous to the marriage, that on its accomplishment King should receive 10,000*l.*: in all, however, he received about 12,000*l.* The behaviour of Butler (afterwards Butler Danvers) did not indicate any feeling of gratitude for the preference she had shown him. His wife died in a short period after their union of a broken heart, and her husband was left to squander in undisturbed licentiousness the wealth for which he was indebted to her affection.

With such hopeful examples of rising merit placed before the sphere of his immediate observation, it is not surprising that Charles King was an early adept in all the mysteries of cozenage. His father, however, with more than a usual display of paternal feeling, procured him at his outset in life the situation of clerk in Somerset-house. The drudgery of a public office appearing insupportable, he engaged himself to an attorney, but his employment in the capacity of a quill-driver appearing even more irksome than the former, he became clerk and agent to his father at a money-lending establishment, No. 16, Poland-street. In the following year he procured an appointment as midshipman, but not being remarkable for personal bravery, and feeling the smell of gunpowder excessively unpleasant, he returned to his father, who immediately reshipped him for the West Indies on board a trading vessel. The venerable parent piously commending his son to heaven with six shirts, a new suit of clothes, and ten shillings in his pocket, exhorted him to marry some young heiress, and advised him to send her fortune to *him*

in sugar, rum, and bales of cotton. Our hero made the voyage, looked at the blue mountains, eat sweatmeats, and by address obtained cash enough from Sir John Dick to pay his passage for England. He therefore bade adieu to the sultry regions of slavery, and to the dismay of John King reappeared in London, without a wife or one bale of cotton. After enduring every variety of distress, his father relaxed so far from the "awful sternness of parental austerity," as to receive him as assistant clerk with a salary of twenty shillings a week. In consequence of the failure of the Portland-place bank, the concern was at this time conducted under the firm of Carter and Co. at No. 14, Bell-savage-yard,\* Ludgate-hill. Young King having acquired some knowledge of the mysteries of money-lending, turned traitor, and withdrew his father's connections from him. Equally alarmed and irritated, the affectionate parent, at once to punish and restrain, persuaded a journeyman taylor to swear a debt against his son, and he was placed in Giltspur-street compter. From this situation he was released by his sister, Mrs. Fortnum, who received him at her house in Sloane-street, and through her intervention he obtained the management of a money transaction for the Earl of Warwick, which turned out so productive as to enable him to re-establish himself on a decens footing.

This woman was married by the intrigues of King to Mr. Fortnum: in a few weeks after the marriage he defrauded him of his property; a quarrel naturally took place between the husband and the wife; a separation ensued; and King after having thus married his daughter merely for the purpose of obtaining Mr. Fortnum's wealth, after robbing her of all that she possessed, and reducing her from a state of affluence to that of the most abject

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\* Many learned discussions have taken place in the magazines, on the nature and origin of signs, the Bell-savage was supposed to be a corruption of *La Belle Sauvage*; but the learned etymologist who favored the world with this derivation was probably unaware that the first hostess of the inn was named *Isabella Savage*.

poverty, refused to supply her with a sixpence of the twenty thousand pounds to the acquisition of which she had been sacrificed.

Of Charles King's connection with Parke, Roberts (so notorious for his forgeries and his late escape) Moore, Neale, &c. we shall enter into a minute developement when it becomes our duty to detail the circumstances of the conspiracy against lord Headfort. At present he lives in the Albany in a style of splendor scarcely equalled by his father in his proudest hour of prosperity. He disclaims the title of a money-lender, and professes to be a wine merchant and house agent. He has furnished several houses handsomely in St. James's-place, and lets them to the best advantage. He obtains his furniture on credit, and contrives out of the rents to pay part of his arrears. His capital is small, fluctuating, and precarious, and to *preserve appearances* is not the least of his difficulties. In person he is emaciated, and his manner is pompous to a ludicrous degree. By fulsomeness of manner, however, and by the affectation of sentiment, he has ingratiated himself into the favour of more than one sighing virgin of forty and melting dowager of fifty-five. A Miss Linder, Mrs. B. &c. have not only lent him occasional assistance but have sold their annuities to support his extravagance and been afterwards left to perish in the streets. He wishes, however, to preserve the appearance of integrity, and occasionally procures a friendly parasite to puff him in the Post, or defend him in the Statesman. These are arts to which all the money-lending tribe have occasional recourse; and the advertisements of young King are not particularly remarkable for their novelty or ingenuity.

Were the legislature aware of the pernicious extent of the money-lending system, or of the misery produced by advertising swindlers, who procure the negociable bills of persons of fortune, on a promise of converting them into cash, or become possessors of estates by pandering to the profligacy, or imposing on the weakness of the heirs, some provision more effectual than the present penalties

against usury might probably be discovered. In the meantime we shall be vigilant in the exercise of that moral and literary power, of which the utility is most evident, when it chastises crimes which have nothing to dread from the vengeance of the law.

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### MODERN PERFECTIBILITY.

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SIR,

THAT the world degenerates from age to age, was the common-place deduction of philosophy from experience and reflection, till the appearance of Mr. Godwin, who not only taught us to believe that the world is progressively improving, but that a long series of years could not possibly elapse before we arrived at absolute perfection. After deep and serious meditation, I have been impressed with a conviction, Sir, that the period of perfectibility is arrived, and that nothing can be wanting to complete the happiness, or add to the excellence of this happy nation in particular.

Of our arrival at the summit of religious perfection who can doubt after listening to Rowland Hill, or attending any of the fashionable chapels? Our clergy are now able to let out their pews as fast as they are built: devotion is the morning amusement of our belles: instead of mis-spending the morning at the toilette, they take an early lounge at a place of worship; scandal is prattled on their walk to prayers; and billets doux are conned while listening to a sermon. If these be not proofs that religion is the most important business of the great world, that it mingles with all its pursuits, and governs its most trivial actions, where are they to be found? About twenty years ago a female who did not feel every other sentiment yield to that of devotional fervor, would have passed her morning at home; but in the present day our young ladies of rank and fashion are so excessively fond of religion, that

rather than go without it altogether, they intermingle piety with love, and listen to the preacher while they are glancing at a lover.

And who will venture to deny the superiority of our morals over those of every preceding generation? Are we not blessed with a society for the suppression of vice, and are we not assured that they have fully answered the purposes of their institution? Our ignorant ancestors imagined that to bait a bull was not more cruel than to hunt a hare; but at this enlightened period we know the one to be an act of the most flagrant barbarity, and the other to be a very innocent gentlemanlike amusement. In old times no distinction was made between fashionable and vulgar vice; but ~~we~~ of the nineteenth century are well aware that no man can be really immoral who is not poor, and that to whip a pig to death is wrong, when committed by one of "the lower orders of society." Nor is this distinction less just than convenient. Every one is aware that the unlettered multitude know not where to stop; but that the fashionable classes are always attentive to the dictates of reason, always on their guard against overstepping the indefinite boundary between crimes of positive and crimes of natural institution; able in every case to say, thus far shall we go and no farther; capable of murder without cruelty, and dissipation without licentiousness. When a poor man kills a hare, it is presumed that when it shall be in his power he will kill a sheep; but a man of fashion can lash his horse till it expires, or blow out the brains of his dearest friend, and yet be the most kind, the most humane, and the most generous of mortals.

In literature, Sir, our supereminence is still more strikingly apparent. We have very entertaining travels by men who dare not move beyond the precincts of their garrets; sonnets indited by scribblers who cannot write a verse; plays of which the authors have neither common sense, nor any acquaintance with grammar, and novels by misses who have not learned to spell. Books were in old times the production of an author's brain, but are

now the manufacture of his scissars. An epic poet was in former ages regarded as a prodigy, but we are now blessed with upwards of a dozen. A statesman meets you at every corner of the street, a philosopher is to be found in every box of every coffee-house. Critic jostles critic in the Strand, and poet meets poet at Dolly's chop-house.

In all the arts of personal decoration, we have arrived, to use the elegant and forcible language of Mr. Ross, at "the acmé of perfection." The wigs of that gentleman "are universally allowed to give elegance to youth, and add to the dignity of age." Who would refuse a hundred guineas for such wonder-working perruques? In former times, a man was glad to wear his face as nature had formed it: if he was born of a fair complexion, he had no hopes of looking like an hussar; if fate had decreed him to be of ferocious aspect, he did not attempt to assume the looks of stripling innocence. But at the present day we are doubly blest with the power of metamorphosis. By the help of the Russia or Macassar oil, unfledged virgins may obtain whiskers, and Hubert's Rosate Powder holds out to maids or warriors who may be troubled with beards, a simple and easy method of removing them.

That the drama has arrived at its highest possible point of perfection, who that has seen the spectacle of Timour, can have the presumption to deny? To introduce horses on the regular stage would have once been thought a hazardous attempt, but that the equine performers should be more entertaining than all the other actors, and as intelligent as some of them, would have appeared utterly incredible. It was reserved for this age of perfection to discover that stallions may die very gracefully of love, and mares enact the principal characters of tragedy with the universal approbation of the public.

But it is in the mercantile world, Sir, that our arrival at perfection is peculiarly demonstrated. The good old people of former times were so ignorant as to imagine that "one bird in the hand was worth two in the bush," that *I promise to pay* meant *I promise to pay*, and that

notes and bills were only valuable as they could be turned into cash. But these notions are now exploded. We all know that to have the words *forty thousand pounds* engraved on paper is just the same as having it in hand, that a promise of payment is equally valuable whether it be or be not capable of performance, and that an imaginary value is just the same as a real one. We can now transact the most important business without the incumbrance of guineas; and are enabled, as the chancellor of the exchequer assures us, to beat our enemies by means of so fortunate a riddance.

These, Sir, are a few of the reasons that induce me to thank heaven for being born at the commencement of a millenium, and for believing that these are the very best of all possible times; but in order that I may close my discourse with a good grace, permit me to assure you if I had any doubts of our arrival at literary perfection, they would have been dissipated by the appearance of the SCOURGE, and to hope that in return for so fine a compliment you will allow this letter to be a model of all that is just in sentiment and elegant in diction.

A GODWINIAN.

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### EVANGELICAL BIOGRAPHY,

(After the most approved models of the Methodist Magazine).

JOHN Tomson was born at Norwich in the year 1782. While yet in his mother's womb, he had many striking manifestations of divine grace. He never stirred so as to give trouble unto her loins, even when she did walk lustily through the streets of the town. The midwives observed when he was born, that instead of crying as the reprobate children of the earth do, the love of Jesus was visible in his countenance. Three days after his appearance in this world of iniquity, he was enabled through the power of faith to cry with all his might, Hosannah to

the Highest, and when a Bible was brought to him by any of his mother's visitors, he would clasp it in his arms with great eagerness: so early did this young scion of the new Jerusalem ripen into holiness!

When he was three years old his father thought that it would be as well to put him into breeches, whereupon his helpmate and he had a long dispute on this subject, which was ended by the sweet child declaring that he cared not for "*outward adornment*, but only for *that inward adornment of the heart* which waxeth unto good." His papa took him up and kissed him, and the next day Mr. Thomas Hewins, a taylor of that place, hearing the story, brought a new suit, jacket and breeches and all, which fitted exactly, notwithstanding he had not been measured. So wonderful are the dispensations of providence, and so are the children of the righteous rewarded!

At the age of seven he was sent to learn his A B C, of Mr. John Straughton, a shining vessel of the Lord; who in his day did his work, and fought the good fight with many of the Hittites of his day. Master Tomson was a long while learning the carnal letters of the alphabet, but he was noted for his aptness in making criss crosses, which reminded the infant saint of the cross on Calvary; a rare instance of the power of faith on a young mind, and of the greatness of divine things compared with temporal! About this time he was seized with the measles, and laid a long while on the bed of sickness. It was now that he began to have a clear insight into his fallen state, and to feel the pains of eternal d——n. He saw H—— open before his eyes, and tossed himself from one side of the bed to the other, crying out water! water! fire! fire! In this state he laid for three days, when he was blest with a soul comforting assurance of salvation, and in three hours the great Physician placed him on his legs.

At eleven he was taken from school, and put apprentice to Mr. Gubbins, one of the brethren at Lynn, a faithful labourer in the vineyard of love, and a shoemaker, whose sole was never eaten by the mud of Mammon. Great were the confirmations of divine grace that he did

receive from the tools wherewith he worked. The *last* reminded him of his latter day ; the *awl* gave him a *memento* that he should give up his *all* to grace, and his horn brought to his mind that sweet assurance in Matthew, v. 17, where is said the horn of the righteous shall be exalted. Such comfortable draughts of love do the faithful draw from impure fountains.

In progress of time, he cast his eye on Sarah Woodward, a comely damsel, goodly to behold, and full of the spirit of love. Strong were the wrestlings of his soul on this occasion; but remembering that divine command, *love one another*, and again 16th *Levit. ver. 27. Work ye one with another the work of love* ; yea, even a third time, *Romans, chap. xvi. 31. Salute ye Priscilla with an holy kiss*, he did wrestle with her from the even unto the break of day, nor yet was he wearied with his labour. May we all prove constant servants in so pleasant strugglings ! But the maiden was not a barren plant unto the sower. She was fruitful, and conceived, and behold she bare a son, and called his name Philip. Now this conduct of young Tomson brought upon him much ill will from the Pharisees and publicans, inasmuch as carnal minds understand not spiritual things ; and one Thomas Wiggins, innkeeper and church-warden, had him put in bondage until the damsel was delivered, and ten pounds were paid to the parish. This Thomas Wiggins was the next day drowned in the river while bathing, so striking is the care of our Lord over the faithful, and thus shall he punish all who contemn and despitefully use them !

The time was approaching when this goodly cedar in the forests of Lebanon was to become a stately pillar of the Christian church, and to utter unto us the sweet words of grace and redemption. He and Sally, and Molly Willis and William Mason, a cheesemonger in the Lord, had private prayer-meetings in a room at the Black Bear, where they did sweetly edify by communion with each other. Now it so happened that the master of the house was curious to know wherefore they were locked up in

private so frequently; wherefore Mr. Tomson answered, to wrestle in prayer and love; this excited the curiosity of his customers and himself, and being admitted, Mr. Tomson prayed and exhorted them to their great improvement and wonder. In a short time the assembly increased, paying 6d. each at the door; till at length many of the people of Norwich were converted, and the sweet tidings were sent unto the brethren in London, at whose desire Mr. Tomson obtained a licence.

Sally Woodward, his former partner in love, having been perfected to the fulness of joy, Mr. Tomson thought it would not be duly employing those plenteous stores with which he had been enriched, were he to confine his gifts unto one. He therefore had many sweet wrestlings with other sisters, and made many sweet converts unto the power of love. Miss Mary Phillips, a sweet scion of fifteen, did he engraft with the tree of life, and beauteous was the fruit thereof. Nor did these sweet sisters feel any *tremblings of carnal fear*, for insomuch as it is said that righteousness is better than pure gold, so did the last of these fair damsels repay Mr. Tomson's instructions by the baubles and vain ornaments of her mother, a woman insensible to the riches of grace, and caring only how to support her children and please her husband. Many more of such dear things could we relate; even so that the hearts of our readers should be lifted up with exceeding joy. But righteousness boasteth not, else could we tell how Mrs. Williams visited and wrestled with him, and divers secret tidings of great praise to the elect. May we all follow in the steps of Mr. Tomson, and work in the labour of love night and day, through evil report and good report, without shrinking of the flesh, or failing of the spirit!

## MONS. DE CHEMANT.

IT is not less true than singular that the irregular retainers to the medical profession are almost without exception *equally* destitute of knowledge and virtue. There is scarcely a trick however mean to which a quack will not descend, or a vice of which he blushes to be guilty. It might be concluded *a priori* indeed that he who will sacrifice the lives of his fellow-creatures to the gratification of his avarice, or commit murder for a shilling, would not be startled by any form of vice, or governed in his intercourse with mankind by any social or honourable feeling. When we hear of an individual therefore advertising his advice in the public papers, we naturally conclude that he has few pretensions to the character of an honest man; and if this conclusion do not apply to the personage before us, its force is only weakened by the accidental circumstance, that his mineral teeth, however useless, expensive, and inconvenient, have at least the negative merit of being less dangerous than the internal nostrums of many of his brethren.

The birth-place of this ornament of Frith-street, was Angoulême in France, at which place his father was a weaver. He received such an education as a journeyman manufacturer with eight children is usually able to bestow on his youngest son, and was put apprentice at the age of nine years to a barber at Paris, who instructed him in the art of drawing teeth, and in other mysteries not less usefully remembered. After acquiring in the course of his apprenticeship, a decent acquaintance with the noble arts of "shaving and tooth-drawing," he was employed as journeyman by his brother, a petty dentist, from whose books he copied the recipe of his mineral teeth, and had no sooner obtained so valuable a treasure than he commenced the business of quackery on his own account. Success rewarded his virtue and research; he was soon able to descend from the garret to the ground floor, and having (as an Irishman would say) thus *risen* in the world, he

paid his addresses to the fair daughter of his laundress, a young lady of great elegance and beauty. Mr. De Chemant, however, is fond of variety: he was soon cloyed by possession, and the new laws of the French republic fortunately enabled him to divorce his first wife without assigning any reason, and take a second. His laundress however was furious, and her relations active, and he found it convenient in order to avoid the consequences of a new law about to be passed to embark for England.

The fame of his mineral teeth had not preceded him, and for several months after his arrival in London he resided at a garret in Meard's-court, from whence in process of time he contrived to remove to a second floor, in some less obscure part of the town, where he continued to sell his teeth, and to lay up his half-crowns by casual connection with antiquated prostitutes, till at length having saved up a few score pounds he obtained a patent, and burst upon the astonished view of the inhabitants of Frith-street in all the majesty of an established quack.

But it must not be supposed that because his residence has been in this part of the town so long, his actions are entirely unworthy of detail. His house has been the scene of changes more irregular than ever visited the mansion of Oden's ghost. At one time he had a lady named Baker in his house as interpreter, but being obliged to pay about £1000 for attempting her seduction, he was for some time content with the promiscuous intercourse afforded him by his profession, paying no attention to the remonstrances of his wife. With *her* he had lived about twenty years, when Miss Mortimer, the daughter of the late Mr. Mortimer, author of *Every Man his own Broker*, happening to fall in his way, he was so much enraptured with her opening beauties, that he offered her his hand: his real wife was discarded on the ground of informality in the form of ceremony at Paris; and on the 31st of October 1810, Monsieur De Chemant, aged sixty-four, was married to Miss Mortimer, aged fourteen, at St. James's church!

The expence of an establishment like that in Frith-street could not be supported merely by the sale of his minera

teeth, whatever might be the credulity of the public. His stock-jobbing speculations are the real sources of those sums which he lavishes in extravagance. There is scarcely a broker of any respectability on whom he has not endeavoured to levy contributions, and his life is a scene of endless litigation. A few months since he brought an action in the name of Capt. Pritchard of Bath against Walsh and Nisbett, for a thousand pounds, said to be for the recovery of two exchequer bills of £500 each, which he and the Captain lodged with Walsh and Nisbett as security for a speculation in the funds which Walsh and Nisbett carried on for DeChemant. On the day of trial he withdrew the record, and then brought an action in his own name for the £1000, and £200 more said to be lodged with Walsh and Nisbett in exchequer bills, and to remain in their hands until he should tell them what to do with them. To prove their delivery he compelled his *second* wife to attend as a witness, and told her that if she did not come forth, and prove that she was present when Capt. Pritchard delivered the bills to Walsh and Nisbett, he would stop the small stipend he had agreed to allow *her*, and his daughter by her, to live on. Even with this threat, however, impending over her head, she could only prove that *something* was delivered; but *what* that something might be, or for what purpose it was delivered, she could not tell. A verdict was consequently given for the defendants. His conduct to Mr. Bish, which cannot be better explained than in that gentleman's own words, is still more extraordinary.

On the 4th of August, 1806, says Mr. Bish, De Chemant came to me, saying he was recommended by my good friend Mr. Taylor, to do some business in the funds, and entered into a long ridiculous story about his attending (as a *dentist*) some of the first ladies in the kingdom, from whom he was able to *draw* the secrets of what was going on, not only here but in Paris; and from what he had learnt at Lord Yarmouth's,\* he was certain a peace was near taking place; as such he should like to purchase £10,000 omnium. I told him I put little dependence in the kind of news he mentioned, and seldom or ever speculated myself;

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\* Lord Lauderdale and Lord Yarmouth were then at Paris.

but if he wished to purchase omnium for money, I would do it. He replied that he did not wish to purchase for money, but for the account, by which time he should be in cash to pay for it.—I said I was not in the habit of doing *Time Bargains*, particularly for strangers. He directly answered, if I had any doubt about being paid, he would put some stock into my name, as a security.—There were two of my most intimate friends by at the time, one of whom (taking me aside) said, Mr. D'CHEMANT is a man of property, and I should think you are safe in doing what he wants ;—on which I complied, and bought £10,000 omnium, at  $12\frac{1}{4}$  premium, and gave him a memorandum of the same. The next day he came to my office, and transferred £1,000 consols into my nephew's name, as a security, and desired to have £10,000 more omnium purchased, which I did at  $11\frac{1}{4}$ , and gave him another memorandum. The next day I bought for him £10,000 more at 11 premium, and the day after £10,000 more at  $10\frac{1}{4}$ ; making altogether £40,000 omnium, to be taken and paid for on the 20th of the same month, being the settling day at the Stock Exchange. As he came almost daily to my office, and omnium kept falling, I desired him to give me further security, which he promised to do, and gave orders for a transfer of £3,000 consols to be put forward; the Ticket was put in, the entry made in the Bank books, but he went away without signing the transfer. The day previous to the account, I sent a most intimate friend to him with a note, stating what the probable loss would be, and at the same time saying, that if he had an opinion that omnium would be better in a fortnight or three weeks time, he might settle and pay for the omnium the next day, and, at a trifling advance in price by way of interest continue it for the next account, which would be the 20th of September. The answer he sent back was, that he would call in the city the next day, and bring with him either Bank notes, or such bills as I could not refuse, and settle the business in the way I have mentioned. The next day he came and promised to settle in the hearing of my friend who had waited on him, but wished to see what omnium was at one o'clock. About two o'clock, having taken the omnium of the different persons from whom I purchased it, and given my cheques in payment, I offered him the omnium and his account. He then declared it was out of his power to pay for it, and that I must do the best I could for *he had no money*. Being exasperated at such base conduct, and left in the lurch (past three o'clock,) with £40,000 Omnium, for which I had paid £20,525, I exposed him to several persons at the Bank, and to my surprise learnt, for the first time, that he had played Mr. BATTYE (a broker of great respectability) the same *trick*, for nearly the same sum, and had put a trifle of stock into *his* name, the same as he had done to my nephew's. The next morning I got my friend Mr. Taylor to wait on him, and to request to know what I was to do with the omnium; when after much conver-

sation on the business, he gave Mr. Taylor the following note to deliver to me :

“ Mr. D. is extremely sorry to acquaint Mr. B. that important reasons, which cannot now be explained, prevent him from terminating the business in question till the decision of war or peace.

“ Mr. D. hopes that Mr. B.’s conduct in future towards him will not prove a preventative to the affair being adjusted amicably. Mr. B. may rely on the honour of Mr. D. as he hitherto depended on his.”

The above note plainly shews that he had no complaint to make against me then, but only wanted to shift off the payment, till, as he states, war or peace was decided.

On seeing Mr. Battye the next day, I found he had likewise sent a friend to D’Chemant, and had received an exactly similar letter in return, and on further enquiry at the Stock Exchange, I found other brokers, who had been deceived by him before.

Finding I had to deal with a person so entirely void of honour, or principle I instantly had the Omnium sold, and arrested him for the loss, which amounted to £2,452 10s.

The compiler of De CHEMANT’S pamphlet lays much stress on his being “ a *Foreigner*, little versed in the subtle art of stock-jobbing.” Now it most unfortunately happens that this *innocent foreigner* has been a stock-jobber for several years before my transaction, and understands the *business* so well as always to have received when there was a profit on his speculations, and seldom to have paid when there was a loss ! He modestly states, that he only meant the transaction to be a stock-jobbing speculation, by which he would not have been compelled to pay, but could have prosecuted me for doing illegal business had I not artfully made it a real transaction, by which he has been forced to pay a sum *he never intended*.

That he never intended to pay I am pretty well convinced ; and Mr. D’Chemant has found, to his sorrow, what the Attorney General told him on the trial—“ *That the laws of this country will bite much sharper than any mineral teeth he can make.*”

It is almost superfluous to add that on De Chemant’s resisting the action a verdict was found for the plaintiff. It was indeed fortunate for the public that in his legal contest with Mr. Bish he should have met with an opponent not less able than himself to sustain the expences of the law : over poverty he would have triumphed by the prolongation of legal process ; and had it not been for the circumstances attending this action his true character might have yet remained unknown.

Of his conduct to Mr. Battye, of the debts that he is

is still owing to various brokers; of his cruelty to Monsieur Cazalet, whom he contrived by secret machinations to send out of the kingdom as an alien, of the manner in which he has endeavoured to revenge himself on his rivals in the manufacture of mineral teeth, by charges of robbery, and by anonymous letters to the Alien Office, we shall refrain at present from detailing the particulars; and we hope that there still awaits him some castigation more severe than a defeat in court, or a literary flogging like that which we have given him.

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THE REVIEWER.—No. III.

*The Spirit of the Book, or Memoirs of Caroline, Princess of Hasburg. A political and amatory Romance, edited by Thomas Ashe, Esq., 3 vols. £1. 5s. Allen and Co. 1811.*

In the fourth number of the SCOURGE we entered into as full an exposition of the circumstances connected with the “ delicate enquiry,” as the peculiar conditions under which we obtained our information would admit, and took occasion at the same time to delineate the character of the infamous but titled prostitute, out of whose machinations have arisen the domestic miseries of an exalted personage. The author of the work before us, though he had only the same opportunities of examining the subject with ourselves, has not felt himself restrained by those motives of personal delicacy, or by those involuntary obligations of secrecy which prevented us from being more explicitly circumstantial. His account of the investigation itself we know to be correct, and his anecdotes of the court of Hasburg, previous to the nuptial contract between the Princess and the Marquis of Edinburgh, possess all the interest of novelty, while they receive corroboration from the personal knowledge of almost every man who has visited the continent in an official capacity. Yet we do not think that his attempt to vindicate the princess, without involving the honor of

the prince so remarkable for its success as for its ingenuity. That the lover of Caroline, to whom she was betrothed, previous to her marriage with a nobleman whom she could not love, was in reality the stranger whose appearance in the neighbourhood of her residence, formed one subject of enquiry, and that the little boy whom she had taken from his nurse at D. did afterwards turn out to be the son of this very lover, are circumstances better adapted to excite wonder than calculated to admit of satisfactory explanation. The Marchioness becomes unaccountably fond of the little urchin, who is unexpectedly discovered to be the son not of a poor seaman, but of a soldier of rank, who dwells in a little cottage adjacent to her residence, on whose table is found her miniature, and who confesses himself to be the identical C. B. with whom she had eloped while resident in Germany. These are facts which it is not easy to explain away by the mere assertion that B. had come thither at the end of twelve years for the purpose of living near her, and had put his child to nurse with a woman whom the Marchioness visited merely that it might attract her notice. Her behaviour to Captain P—e, if it did not betray guilty indiscretion, can only be ascribed to a total ignorance of the most common decorums of society.

The letters are written with great elegance and spirit, and are sometimes remarkable for their pathos. The writer forgets, however, that Charlotte could only be thirteen about the time at which they were written, and he has therefore admitted many allusions and expressions which it was neither probable nor desirable that she should understand. Young ladies in their teens are not expected to understand the mysteries of the sexual intercourse, nor to be acquainted with metaphysics. To the digressions, we have no other objection than that they are misplaced. On the whole, however, the work is in a very high degree amusing and instructive; every passage breathes the sublimest sentiments of morality, and every letter contains some sentence remarkable for the pathos of its expression or the beauty of its language.

The following scene we believe to be entirely the creation of the writer's fancy, but it displays considerable powers, and represents the circumstances attending the separation in the point of view most agreeable, we understand, to the wishes of the parties.

" I was attended to this chamber by the Countess, and three more females of my suite, and when I entered it, I felt sensations that would have overcome me had it not been for the attentive kindness of my people, who endeavoured to amuse my mind, by directing my attention to the magnificence of the surrounding scene.

" The apartment it is true was extremely superb: the beds, the chairs, the window curtains, the hangings of the room, were all of white velvet, embroidered, and fringed with gold, and every other article in this noble apartment corresponded with the same richness, and expressed in the Marquis the most exquisite taste for grandeur and design, and for voluptuousness in fancy and imagination.

" But it was all lost upon me ! I cast my eyes around with a vacant gaze, and sighed : while my swollen heart was ready to sink with terror as I prepared to retire.

" The marquis then appeared, and hastily undressing, placed himself immediately beside me. I was no sooner in his arms than terror seized every faculty of my soul, and I shrunk with a terrific trembling from an embrace, which instead of warming, chilled my blood.

" To the marquis, who flattered himself that every female heart was his ; who had discarded every injurious doubt, and who had made himself happy in the idea that I would have received his caresses with transport, this conduct was a thunderstroke which rendered him at once humiliated and confounded.

" Accustomed to the enraptured and frantic embraces of the countess, a F. a B. a D. &c.&c. how must he have been shocked at the cold and constrained concurrence of a heart that trembled at his touch, or that throbbed at the remembrance of another. How could he prize such a heart ? Could the anguish of a broken spirit accord with the fond caresses of such a bridegroom : of a man habituated to the enamoured and intoxicating embraces of every woman whom he had before chosen as the instrument of his delight and sensualities ? What pleasure could he have in the arms of one who treated him in a manner so contrary, in a way so averse to his pride, and so inimical to his feelings ?

" However, he had the goodness to dissemble and to advance his suit with a due regard to the anguish which distracted my heart, and to the tears which bedewed my face and bosom. He remonstrated in the language of love and sentiment against the severity and singularity of my conduct towards him. He entreated me with an humble and dejected voice to recover from my affliction ; but finding every lenient

effort vain, he had at length recourse to a violence, which soon gave him dominion over my person, but in no degree over my mind ; for the soul-racking thought of Algernon at the instant overpowered me, and I withdrew from his embrace,—weeping and hiding my face in the folds of the cloaths.

“ The marquis now appeared more irritated than astonished. He began by venting on me the most poignant reproaches, arose, walked about the chamber, and as he returned to my frozen arms, something composed in his feelings, he humanely lamented with me, that unfortunately for our comfort and domestic happiness a cursed policy had proscribed his marrying with any but of his own rank.”

The representation immediately following we believe to be correct.

“ If such were the motives which urged the marquis to consent to a separation on the very first night of our wedding, how much were his resolves strengthened and augmented, when won by the candor and dignity of his nature, I flung myself upon his breast, and there revealed the whole of my history, and all my intercourse with Algernon.

“ Your father pressed me to his breast. Assured me that my interesting narrative had inspired him with no sentiments but admiration, pity, and respect. Entreated me to consider him, and consult him as a friend, to keep those secret feelings of my heart from the knowledge of others, and concluded by asserting (*assuring me*) that he would never betray the confidence I had imposed in him, or wound my sentiments by possessing my person when he could not possess my heart.”

We extract the following particulars in corroboration of our own statements on the subject in our fourth number.

“ On the eve of my marriage she endeavoured to impress me with a conviction, that, to please my husband, I “ must become intelligent in the art of amusing,” and adopt the manners and appearances of those E——h ladies whom he was pleased to regard with the greatest degree of admiration and praise. That is, that my manners should be destitute of grace, and my appearance of virtue ; for what else could I comprehend from the method she took to make me, what she called amiable.—Having made this attempt to debauch my mind, she next proceeded to disfigure my person. Though fair, she covered me with paint ; though rouged by nature, she daily daubed my cheeks with red ; though my nails and the palms of my hands were inferior to none in carnation, she insisted on heightening their colour by applications as painful as absurd.

“ In the first instance I was so much a dupe as to submit to this

horrible outrage,—nor did I recover from the delusion, or discover the motive of the Countess, till I acquired the character of a creature made up out of dissimulation and art. The Duchess, in particular, adopted this idea of me, and, in consequence, ever after looked upon me with as much displeasure as if I in reality wore the impress of dissimulation.

“With a mind thus predisposed, she was liable, notwithstanding the goodness of her nature, to lend attention to reports calculated to do me injury, and when she was informed that her son and I had separate chambers, she was filled with indignation—but not with astonishment, for she was prepared to believe that my manners were so “gross,” that it was impossible for the Marquis to esteem me.—The Duchess, therefore, saw me leave W———r and St. J———s’s without regret, and when I took my leave of her, previously to my accompanying the Marquis to B———n, I discovered a coldness in her farewell, which informed me of a circumstance, now too clear, that I had no place in her heart.

The whole of Letter 68 will be read with considerable interest.

“My generous and illustrious Uncle had no sooner formed the resolve, of revising the proceedings of M———rs, C-mm-ss—rs, and C———l, on the charges of my accusers, than he put it into execution, and, at the same time, wrote letters with his own hand, to every member of his family, directing them to attend him at W——r on a stated day.

“The day came; the entire of “THE F-M-Y” were assembled. They were composed of fathers, brothers, husbands, wives, sisters, children, and friends. The proceedings on the subjects of the reports and the enquiries, were attentively read. Each individual was attentively examined, and the motives of those who refused me their good opinion and public countenance were accurately investigated and defined.

“The result was, that it evidently appeared, that every person who had opposed me, acted upon the strength of the strong representations which were perpetually made to them of my misconduct and guilt. My aunt declared, with tears in her eyes, that the whole of her conduct to me was governed by the sole intention of establishing my innocence, or of seeing justice done to her own immediate offspring: my female cousins declared, that to see me innocent, or to see their brothers in possession of those rights which my guilt would forfeit, was all they had in view; and the L—ds F———k, E———d, &c. avowed upon their sacred honor, that they never would have denied me their friendship, had they not been assured from authority, that the S-cc——n, without it devolved upon one or other of them, as the case might be, would undoubtedly become contaminated.

"Here my uncle, with firmness and propriety, called upon each and all for those authorities and evidences upon which they maintained their opinions; and each and all, with equal candour and firmness, exposed those authorities and evidences, which, as was before manifest in the proceedings of the M—rs, the C-mm-ss—rs, and the C—l, were composed of anonymous and other calumniating letters, vague reports, and the assertions and insinuations of persons, whom, it appeared, 'THE COUNTESS' had associated in her designs.

"Every individual of THE F-M—Y acknowledged the impropriety of acting upon such evidence; they assured my Uncle of their sorrow for having been led by so much error and artifice, and they fully assented to the fact, that of the twenty direct charges submitted to the consideration of the C-mm—ss-rs, one only appeared to impeach my innocence and truth. And they volunteered in assuring my Uncle, that if that *one* charge turned out as calumniating and infamous as the other nineteen, they would cordially unite with him, and accord me every testimony, both in public and in private, of the most perfect esteem and support.

"And what is the nature of that charge," demanded my Uncle, 'tell me its nature, and I answer for it, you will have satisfaction on that head.'

"To this L—d E—d, speaking for the rest, replied—'It is the eighteenth charge which, states that a stranger resided in a cottage at B——h for a length of time; that he frequently went disguised and armed to the residence of the P——ss, and that during the investigation he abruptly disappeared. He has however since returned to the same cottage, and to the same course of life, from which we imply intentions of intrigue.'

"L—d E—d having concluded, my Uncle looked to me for the *eclaircissement* of this mysterious charge. I was confounded and silent. Every countenance betrayed a suspicion of my knowledge of the man; but I soon recovered strength to assert my total ignorance of the transaction, and invited my accusing cousins to come with me to the H—th, and there sift to the bottom of the mysterious affair. The invitation was accepted, and I left my uncle and aunt with a confidence and satisfaction, that could only spring from the innocence of your

"CAROLINE."

The character of Dr. R. is treated with great injustice. It was his duty as a faithful servant of the marquis to detail the circumstances of the young princess's elopement, and to describe her conduct exactly as it appeared. That the habits of the present bishop of L. are scholastic, and his manner austere, does not detract from the goodness of his heart or the brilliance of his talents. For the conscientious discharge of his episcopal duties, he is not less dis-

tinguished than his celebrated predecessor : in the offices of benevolence he is unwearied, and no man is better versed in the art of uniting edification with amusement, and unbending from the dignity of his station, without forgetting the gravity of the divine. As a preacher he is at once dignified and elegant, chaste and energetic, impressive without violence, and persuasive without effeminacy. To a lady, and to a lady in particular who still entertains against him a sentiment of revenge for imaginary wrongs, these are qualities and accomplishments of little attraction, but they were the passport to his present elevated station, and may yet recommend him to the highest honours of the church.

It is painful to observe that on the fourth of June, her royal highness the D—— of Y—— is to be mistress of the ceremonies. When the character of the princess is thus glaringly stigmatized, we think that it is due both to the country and to the prince himself that some decisive proceeding should be adopted. After the example of conjugal attachment exhibited by his father, the people will not be satisfied with an *open* separation, unless they be convinced that it was necessary. Concealment cannot be justified on the plea of delicacy, for the subject has been already discussed by the public in every variety of way, and the greater the mystery that attaches to a topic of this kind, the more indelicate are the suppositions and comments of the world. The only person indeed who has had any just reason to rejoice at the occurrence of this investigation is the chancellor of the exchequer ; but though we cannot but acknowledge the talents of Mr. P. and believe that few individuals could be found more adequate to the duties of his office, we hope that this may be the last, as it was the first instance of a man being entrusted with the direction of a mighty empire because he possessed the duplicate of an unimportant manuscript.

## THE KNIGHT AND HIS ESQUIRE.

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IN the arrangement of our materials we have always been careful to anticipate the objection of sameness which is usually made to similar publications. We are well aware that no other excellence will compensate for the want of variety; that it is not the chief duty of a periodical satirist to exhaust every topic on which he enters, or to prolong his discussions beyond that limit which is prescribed by the general feeling of his readers. We should have left the knight of Blackfriars therefore to enjoy in silence the gratification afforded him by the perusal of our last number, had not certain circumstances been communicated to us which render it necessary to convince him once for all that we are not to be trifled with: that blustering can only aggravate his shame, and that silence would be his most effectual defence.

Previous to the appearance of our last number, the knight employed the greater part of the month in waiting on several of his friends who had been casually mentioned in the pages of the *Scourge*, and exhorting them to commence actions for libel against the printer and publisher, assuring them that such a proceeding would effectually prevent the appearance of the number for May, and give a death-blow to the most violent enemies of the whole literary world. Mr. T. and some others to whom he had thus addressed himself, were rather surprized at the unusual vehemence of his observations; but they had no suspicion of the motives by which he was influenced till the actual publication of the fifth number, when they discovered that the affectionate eagerness of Sir Richard to witness the vindication of the characters of so many of his friends in a court of justice, arose from a wish to prevent the publication of his own memoirs, which had been previously announced in the notice to correspondents! Finding it impossible to persuade the parties alluded to that any advantage could be derived from fight-

ing his battles in legal conflict, he has appointed Thomas Gillet to be his *deputy blusterer*, while he himself is engaged in the honourable vocation of employing emissaries to watch our office, corrupting our stitchers in order to procure such sheets as may enable him to move for an injunction, and in other pursuits equally honourable and equally dignified.

Let us teach him therefore that we have in reality exercised the virtue of forbearance, and that if even on the present occasion we suppress much that it is in our power to substantiate, our caution does not proceed from any fear of his influence, or any distrust of our informants, but from a humane reluctance to render the weak and the unprotected the objects either of his legal or his personal vengeance. We have had several applications from those who have had the best opportunities of witnessing his career, requesting us to publish certain documents equally interesting and conclusive. But many of the papers submitted to us, and many of the facts enumerated, either contain or implicate the names of persons to whose means of subsistence Sir Richard's displeasure would be fatal. For the present therefore we shall merely relate a few circumstances concerning the fire at Leicester, which motives like those to which we have alluded, prevented us from noticing in the "Memoir." We state the facts exactly as they are, without any circumlocutory parentheses. A week or two previous to the fire, he used every endeavour to dispose of the Leicester Herald, and we believe actually came to town for the purpose of accomplishing its sale: but as it was reckoned to be a seditious paper, and the fate of some jacobinical printers had given great alarm to the trade, no one would purchase it. The fire-office, contrary to the practice of the present time, did not require any certificates from the town, but Mr. George Robinson the bookseller and Mr. Dalton went with him to the Phoenix Fire Office, and rendering themselves responsible for the correctness of his accounts, he was immediately paid. No further enquiry was made by the office. In a few weeks after the fire (December 11th,

1795) he addressed a letter to a gentleman of some distinction in the literary world, suggesting in that part of the envelope intended for the public, the issue of circulars stating his collateral as well as actual losses, by the interruption of his trade, and the suspension of his paper and his magazine,\* &c. He stated likewise the loss of Mr. Billings, who, taking immediate advantage of the opportunity, had amply remunerated himself by appealing to the compassion of the town. He concludes this *public* part of his letter by saying, "whatever you may please to subscribe may be paid directly to me or to any of the bankers in London, or Leicester, Derby, &c." To all this there follows a *private note*, stating that to him (Dr.—) privately "he did not plead absolute poverty but collateral losses," requesting his correspondent's assistance in expressing his rough ideas, "so as to excite the sympathy of the public," and concluding with the following passage which we leave without comment to the reflection of our readers.

"In a few days I shall see you, and *will then give you a particular account of*

### THE HERALD'S GRAND FINALE!!!"

So much for this worthy paragon of knighthood. We have now a word or two to say to his *factotum*. He has threatened an appeal to a jury of his country, and is indignant at the slightest aspersion on his character; we shall, therefore, adduce a fact that fully illustrates his reverence to the laws, and his tenderness for the dearest interests of his fellow subjects. On the fifth of June he was summoned to attend as a juryman, before the recorder at Guildhall: after the oath had been taken by the foreman of the grand jury,† and by others, the name of Thomas Gillett (to whom attendance that morning proved inconvenient‡) was called. In the place of Tho-

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\* A Magazine published by him at Leicester.

† Mr. Keymer of Tower-street.

‡ He was sitting at Stationer's Hall to receive fees as renter warden.

mas, his son *James* Gillett answered to the name and took the oath. The grand jury was appointed to meet next morning at the Old Bailey, when Mr. Gillett senior appeared. It would be useless to detail all the circumstances that occurred in court: it may be sufficient to mention, that Mr. Gillett, unsworn, deliberately entered the jury room, that he was both "surprized and irritated at its being suggested that his avoidance of the oath might invalidate the proceedings," said that he "wondered what matter it could make, *as the oath was of no consequence for a juryman;*" that they were at length obliged from the violence of his behaviour to turn him out, and that on the next day having opened a letter from the foreman to his son, he returned for answer that he was just then *out of the way*, but that on his return the letter should be communicated to him, though what *harm could come of his absence he could not see.*

Now, supposing (what we believe to have been the fact) that an indictment for murder was the first on the list of those presented, upon the mere honor of Mr. Gillett the life of the prisoner might possibly have depended, and yet he had either the ignorance or the folly to term that an *irregularity*, which committed to his caprice, not to his conscience or his sense of responsibility, the life of a prisoner, — "*a mere trifle.*" Had he even inclined to the side of mercy, with a slight degree less of conscious responsibility than the other jurymen, the ends of justice would have been defeated through his *inadvertence.* We do not believe that he was aware of the magnitude of his error, but there is a *feeling* about an honest man, not less certain in its guidance than the judgment of superior intellect.\*

If Sir Richard be at length convinced that to be noto-

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\* The letter of his late mistress (Bennett) bears upon his character as a man with considerable force, but we must defer it to our next number. Knowing as they do the truth of this and many other anecdotes indicative at least of Mr. Gillett's indiscretion, why do not the creditors of Sir Richard demand some security for the honest performance of his duty? Why allow this man 500*l.* a year for attending the shop in Bridge-street, when a person more competent may be had for 200*l.*?

rious, is not always to be eminent, let him forsake the metropolis for some distant county, where every knight of the brazen visor is a gentleman. He may probably have sufficient influence to procure his immediate dependant the situation of parish clerk; the thousand pound bill which he had in his possession a few days before his bankruptcy will suffice to purchase him a comfortable annuity; and while his lady astonishes the maidens of the hamlet by the flavor of her home-made wines and the beauty of her pastry, her husband may occasionally shine in the capacity of churchwarden, and be admired as a distinguished orator at the parish vestry.

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POLITICAL OBSERVER.—No. III.

*Whitehall, May 25.*

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent has been pleased, in the name and on the behalf of his Majesty, to constitute and appoint Field-Marshal his Royal Highness Frederic, Duke of York, to be Commander in Chief of all his Majesty's Land Forces in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

SUCH, reader! is the form of a notification, more ill-timed, improper, and injudicious than ever before excited the amazement and indignation of the British people. As an excuse for every former error by which the feelings of the nation had been lacerated, or its interests sacrificed, the ministers might have alledged the usual pleas of accident or necessity; but the present is a cool, determined insult to the opinion of the public, unaccompanied by any circumstances of palliation, uncalled for by any urgency of motive. Had the ministers determined to signalize themselves by the commission of some act which

should be of all others the least useful and at the same time the most offensive to the nation, while it was totally destructive of their own reputation and injurious to their interests, they could not have succeeded more effectually than by announcing the reinstatement of the Duke as commander in chief. The notification in the Gazette is, in fact, the death-warrant of their popularity: the liberation of the peninsula will not allay the ferment that it must naturally excite, nor blind the people to the spirit by which it must have been directed.

For many years the conduct of his Royal Highness had rendered him the object of popular suspicion; the public mind was agitated by continual complaints of malversation in the execution of his official duties, of caprice and injustice in his patronage, and of corrupt participation in the irregular purchase of commissions. So strong indeed was the clamour excited against him, that any man entertaining a less exalted estimate of himself, or a greater regard for the opinion of a British public, would have yielded to the general sentiment, before the expression of that sentiment became too strong to be resisted. When the investigation which his Royal Highness's friends were so "rejoiced to see begun" had proceeded a few weeks, it was discovered that his misconduct had been more aggravated than the most violent of his enemies had dared to represent it; and he was at length compelled to retire from his situation, pursued by the mingled scorn and indignation of the public.

Since that period nothing has occurred to palliate his indiscretions, or to excite regret for his retirement. The business of the commander in chief's office has been transacted at least as well as before his resignation. The circumstances disclosed in Mrs. Clarke's book, and which transpired in court, though they have degraded Mr. Wardle to the lowest level of personal infamy, have not the slightest tendency to exculpate the duke from the charges of which he was accused; and every attempt that has been made during the last year to ascertain the sentiments of the public and to prepare the way for his return, has only tended to demonstrate how sincerely the people were re-

joiced at his retirement, and with what jealous indignation they regarded even the possibility of his reappointment.

Every circumstance connected with the investigation was calculated to overwhelm the family with shame, to give strength to the violence of jacobinism, to weaken the attachment of the real patriot to his sovereign and his country, and to spread among the people sentiments and ideas equally inimical to their happiness and dangerous to the stability of government. If ever there was a duty, therefore, paramount to all others, it was to refrain from every measure that could recal this unfortunate enquiry to remembrance. To do any thing that could only *revive the recollection* of the people would have been an act of unexampled infatuation; and in what terms of astonishment and indignation, therefore, can a public writer express his opinion of a measure, of which the inevitable tendency will be to re-excite all the flames of intestine commotion, to give new activity to those who seize any opportunity of harassing the government, to alarm even the most loyal and peaceable of his majesty's subjects, and to unite every party and every class of men in one great struggle against the wantonness of prerogative?

Public opinion must and will command respect. After a whole nation has expressed its opinions in a manner not to be misunderstood, it cannot be resisted. The voice of acclamation on the duke's retirement echoed from one extremity of the kingdom to another, and the voice of indignation at his reappointment will be equally loud and equally successful. It becomes the duty of the people to shew on the present occasion that they are not to be trifled with; that the universal sentiment of a great empire is not to be stifled by the infatuated perverseness of one or two individuals, nor its interests sacrificed to family arrangements. We hope that petition will succeed petition; that for some time nothing will be heard in any corner of the kingdom but the voice of public resistance to the duke's reappointment, that every man who exerted himself to procure his dismissal will again come forward, and every individual who remained passive during the former investigation will in this instance, when the injury

to the nation is aggravated by deliberate insult, distinguish themselves by the activity of their cooperation.

Even many of those who conscientiously defended his Royal Highness on the former occasion will feel it their duty in this instance to join the public. The resistance that is made to his reappointment will be justified not only upon all the grounds on which they formerly called for his dismissal, but on many others originating in the measure itself. It demands in a peculiar degree the opposition of all ranks, because it was carried into effect in conscious and open defiance of their sentiments. The ministers must have known, that nine-tenths of the population of the kingdom believed the duke to be guilty of the charges of which he was accused, and would therefore be indignant at his reappointment; and it is the duty not only of this great majority to shew them that their spirit is equal to the justice of their cause, but of the other tenth to demonstrate, that even believing his Royal Highness to be innocent, they conceive the conduct of his friends to be at once improper and unadvised.

The motives that influenced either the Regent or the ministers thus to sacrifice their popularity to the duke's gratification, it is difficult to conjecture. No support that he is able to afford to the existing government will counterbalance the weight of opposition to which his reappearance as commander in chief will expose it. His Royal Highness must indeed have been very eager to resume his power: he had been waiting three months for his parent's recovery, and a slight change for the worse having taken place last week, his patience was exhausted, and the measure that under the government of his father would have been in *some degree* excused, as arising from paternal attachment, is now the act of a ministry who still retain resentment towards him for his duplicity at the commencement of the enquiry, and of a brother who has never been suspected to feel towards him a more than usual warmth of paternal affection. A thousand victories in Portugal will not restore either the Regent, or the ministry to their popularity: the duke's immediate dismissal can be the only condition of good-will between them and

the people, and to this condition his Royal Highness had better assent with cheerfulness than be compelled to acquiescence by the resolute expression of public sentiment.

The reappointment of his Royal Highness is defended on the ground that the commander-in-chief should be some one *independent of the minister of the day, and not likely to be biassed by parliamentary influence in the promotion of officers*. Now admitting the general principle thus advanced to be correct, in what degree is it acted upon by the selection of one of the princes to fill the situation? he still holds his office at the pleasure of the king, and to gratify his wishes, or, in other words, the wishes of his ministers, will be one condition of its tenure. Should his conduct become the subject of enquiry, there is no sacrifice, however inconsistent with the interests of the army, that he will not make to secure the support of his father's servants. But he will not only be equally assailable by *ministerial* influence with any other man, but will be subject to an influence still more dangerous and pernicious, that of his own family, and of the dependants of his relatives. A prince in this situation will not only be obliged to yield to the wishes of those in power, but if he does not engage in family quarrels, to the importunities of any illustrious connection. In what instance has the Duke of York displayed his superiority to parliamentary influence? Was not his conduct to his brother notoriously dictated by the influence of the ministry? and are not the majority of those officers for whom the regular forms of the army were violated, the supporters of the party whose continuance in power was considered as a pledge of his retention of his office?

Was not General Whitelocke nominated to the command of the Buenos Ayres expedition, by "*the ministry of the day;*" and were not Sir Hugh Dalrymple and Sir Harry Burrard sent out to Portugal through the intercession of men who had no other recommendation at the Horse Guards than being in favour with the secretary of state?

And at any rate is the direct influence of the ministers more dangerous than that of rogues and swindlers through

the medium of prostitutes? Is it less injurious to the nation to sell the commissions of its army for the price of a ———'s embraces, than to give them to the supporters of government, or the friends of royalty? or do the advocates of his Royal Highness mean to assert that every man qualified by his rank and talents to hold the situation of commander in chief would be just as corrupt and as much the slave of meretricious allurements as the duke? If it be necessary that none but a prince should direct the business of the Horse Guards, some one among the royal brothers might surely have been found who was neither unequal to his duty nor obnoxious to the public.

The popularity of princes is seldom of long endurance, unless it be founded on the solid basis of public virtue. His present majesty ascended the throne under auspices more favorable than those which are likely to attend the accession of his son; yet after three short years there was scarcely a man in the kingdom whose sentiments of love for the sovereign were not absorbed in feelings of alarm at the dawn of those arbitrary principles of government, so congenial to the minds of youthful governors, and so artfully inculcated by an adviser, to prepare for whose admission into council a Chatham had been dismissed. It will be happier for our future sovereign, if he have not like his father the trouble and the sorrow of unlearning the lessons of Machiavel: a British prince, if he wishes to be obeyed with cheerfulness, must learn to govern with forbearance; and the chief duty of his confidential adviser is to remind him that the only security of his throne is the attachment of his people.

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*To the Editor of the Scourge.*

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47, Holywell Street, Strand.  
May 29, 1811.

SIR,

ALLOW me to assure you, that, so far as regards me, some wag—certainly with a spirit of merry malignity—has imposed upon your credulity, by hearing you into the

belief that I had become "A POACHER FOR EVIDENCE" in favour of Sir RICHARD PHILLIPS and Mr. GILLETT, to whom you are pleased to say I am the "confidential friend" and "adviser." The plain truth, however, happens to be, that, with the exception of the public character of these public men, I have been almost totally unacquainted with them: that I have never spoken to Sir RICHARD PHILLIPS since he was distinguished by the high and important office of sheriff, and at no time connected or in habits of intimacy with him; that nearly twelve months have elapsed since I last met and spoke to Mr. GILLETT *accidentally*; and that although in the common intercourse of life, Mr. GILLETT and I have shewn common civilities to each other, yet at no time was I "his confidential friend," or in habits of intimacy with him.—Thus far my declaration, without the smallest prejudice either to Sir RICHARD PHILLIPS or to Mr. GILLETT, may serve to vindicate me from the obloquy of your informant.—With regard to the wicked and abominable practices of "*informers*" and "*poachers for evidence*," I hold them in as much abhorrence and detestation as you or any man of the nicest feelings; and I perfectly agree with you, that such base and contemptible wretches not only deserve the execration of mankind, but ought to be "excluded from all respectable society."

It is to be hoped, Sir, that principles of candour will induce you to rectify the unaccountable deviation from the truth now noticed. Every editor is liable to errors; but when any man's conduct appears wantonly aspersed, by insulting and debasing him with practices totally foreign to his habits and disposition, it becomes the duty of the editor, as his only mode of removing the aggression, to make a fair, a manly, and an honourable acknowledgment of his misinformation. My curiosity, however, is greatly excited to know by what means you obtained the statement of my being "A POACHER FOR EVIDENCE" in favour of Sir RICHARD PHILLIPS and Mr. GILLETT, a statement which *never had the smallest shadow of foundation*, unless in the fertile imagination of your informant. I dare say you have too much liberality not to admit, Sir, that

when a bold and an unqualified charge is made against an individual, the public accuser ought to be fully enabled to substantiate the grounds of such a charge.--Dragged forward thus reluctantly,

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

P. STUART.

We shall only observe on the preceding statement, which we insert merely to testify our candour, that Mr. Stuart has not given any explanation of the motives that induced him to write to us under the name of Johnson from No. 85, Hatton Garden. When he does this we shall believe him to be a "true and honourable" man.

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### THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

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THE institution of a society for the conversion of barbarians to christianity does credit to the religious feelings of its first promoters, and the benevolence of those by whom it is now supported; but before we enter into an examination of its particular proceedings, we beg leave to offer a few reasons why we are inclined to believe that its claims to public encouragement are more than problematical.

The first, and indeed the most decisive argument against every establishment for the furtherance of benevolent purposes in foreign lands, is afforded by looking at the present condition of our own country. When the nation is burthened with poor's-rates, yet beggars are to be found in every corner of the street, when our Gazettes are crowded with bankrupts, and yet our prisons are filled with insolvent debtors, the vulgar adage that "charity begins at home," strikes our recollection with irresistible force, and we vainly wish that the sums expended in chimerical endeavours to convert the Otaheitans to chris-

tianity had been employed in the relief of domestic distress, or in the assistance of domestic merit.

But to this it is usually answered, that had not the sums been expended by the Missionary Society, they would have remained unemployed in the pockets of the subscribers; that some testify their benevolence in one way and some in another, and that many who have contributed to the funds of the society, either would not have rendered their assistance to any other benevolent institution, or are likewise the benefactors of other societies. But though this may be partially it is not generally true. Of those who are the most conspicuous in benevolence on these occasions, the majority are individuals who appropriate a certain proportion of their income to charitable purposes. If they give donations, therefore, to two societies they give to each only half the sum that without this competition would have been given to one of them. Nor is it to be credited that the same spirit of benevolence, which thus extends itself to the shores of Australasia, would not, were its limits of expansion more circumscribed, burn with a splendor more intense within the circle of its immediate irradiation. To conduct the Missionary Society occupies too the time and talents of men, who could at no time be inactive in the cause of domestic benevolence, but whose abilities are at present wasted in the direction of an establishment, of which even the possible success would be disproportioned to the injury accruing to their own nation from this appropriation of their faculties.

Christianity has no power of rendering barbarians happy, but as it co-operates with other means of civilization. It exalts the national virtues and the national happiness of a refined people; but how can its peculiar doctrines, without which it is no longer christianity, operate on the habits of a Zealand savage? The moral truths that we have derived from revelation, it is our duty to communicate to the less favoured nations of the western hemisphere; and of the sanctions by which those truths were accompanied, we may say as much as is likely to be understood; but with

the doctrines of the trinity, of the atonement, and the incarnation, how would it benefit an Otaheitan to become acquainted? these are truths to which his faith would be unequal, and which, if he believed them, would not contribute, *in his present state*, to his domestic happiness.

The duty of proselytism is not of a nature so urgent as to justify any essential sacrifice. We forget, when we send out a few mad fanatics on a missionary voyage, that we are sacrificing the lives, and perhaps the salvation of a dozen Europeans, to the possible conversion of a single heathen. Setting every other consideration aside, whether is the possibility of converting a few savages, or the risk of a sincere Christian's yielding to the peculiar temptations of barbarous lasciviousness, to bear the most weight in the estimation of a religious community?

In every other speculation we estimate the future from the past; the plans of the society have hitherto been productive only of evil: through their intervention the ravages of war have been extended, and religious enthusiasts been changed into high priests of lasciviousness. Upon what principles do they persevere in their design, or justify themselves in becoming the instruments of apostasy?

The preaching of the apostles was sanctioned and encouraged by success. Wherever they appeared multitudes flocked to hear them, and wherever they journeyed thousands of converts followed their steps. But the efforts of the missionaries have been unattended by any such marks of providential interference. By what possible application of scripture are they prepared to prove that proselytism is a duty incumbent upon them at whatever expence to humanity it may be performed, and whatever may be the success of their endeavours compared with their magnitude? When the time of salvation to the heathen shall arrive, the Deity will execute his own purposes by what instruments he pleases: if we believe in his providence, our want of success is a sufficient evidence to every pious mind that our *present* zeal is rather the enthusiasm of mistaken piety than the inspired ardor of the elected instruments of the almighty will.

It should not be forgotten by any man connecting himself with this society, that the apostles were *commanded* to preach the gospel to all nations, and that their ministry was sanctioned by the immediate evidence of their mission. But by what authority does the Missionary Society assume to itself or ascribe to its agents the power of healing the sick and the gift of prophesy? without these, or, in place of *them*, the immediate co-operation of the Deity himself, the converts of our Lord's disciples would have been few and wavering. That the servants of the institution are not assisted by the *latter*, is evident from their want of success; and by the mere exertion of natural powers without that assistance, we are afraid that among barbarians not a single convert will be made. It is indeed among the most singular of the many strange absurdities committed by the missionaries and their friends or employers, that they should always be arguing from the success of the apostles, and forget that the apostles were miraculously endowed.

Because he who knows the gospel of Jesus, and yet remains confirmed in infidelity, shall be condemned, it is not to be concluded that the temporal or eternal happiness of every people is dependant on the christian religion. We believe that the sum of private and public happiness at Athens, during the government of Pisistratus, was not less than that of the British people, at any period of its history; and that previous to the advent of our Saviour every human being was in a state of reprobation, or that a life of moral goodness was less frequent, or less susceptible of reward than at present, we will not admit. That the Hindoos enjoy as much happiness in this life, as if they were christians, there is every reason to be satisfied; and to the God of justice and of mercy their future fate may be committed without the mediation of a Missionary Society.

There is in London a class of men, with whom freedom of opinion is infidelity, and all remarks that do not contain a confirmation of their own opinions are superficial and dogmatical. On being informed that the Hindoos may pos-

sibly be as happy in their own belief as under the christian dispensation, the "British Critic" would naturally exclaim, "with a blasphemer like this, who would engage even in literary warfare?" But the cant of hypocrisy is at the present day more ridiculous than imposing: that we are firm friends to the established church, and regard the efforts of all who would undermine its foundations with abhorrence for their malignity or pity for their weakness, is a declaration which those who know us will believe, and which our enemies may receive in what spirit and with what feelings *they may think convenient*.

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### ON THE REGULAR CLERGY.

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SIR,

THE struggle made by the dissenters against the bill introduced by Lord Sidmouth, has not only taught them their own strength, but has convinced the friends of the establishment of what they do not seem to have suspected before, that without some reformation in the national church, it must soon yield to the victorious violence of sectarianism. To a vigilant observer, indeed, no evidence of this truth was necessary; the desertion of our churches for the methodist conventicles was too apparent not to excite alarm among its friends and exultation in its enemies; but still it was supposed that the attachment of many who attended at the meetings of the dissenters was only casual and temporary; and that though their momentary feelings might be with the *evangelical* congregations, their hearts and their opinions were firmly on the side of the establishment.

Even this delusion is now vanished, and we must be content to admit that the church is in danger, without being able to conjecture any means by which it can be defended. Activity in the regular clergy would indeed restore it to its ancient firmness and dignity, but how is

that activity to be excited? An increase of emolument would rather seduce to indolence than animate to exertion, and with men of greater natural than acquired endowments, we are at present more than adequately supplied. The honorary titles and revenues of the church may indeed remain for many ages, but unless some revolution take place in the relative state of the contending parties, these revenues will be possessed and those honours enjoyed by pastors who have no congregation, and by bishops relieved from the triennial duties of their office.

Yet the spirit of methodism is too active and persevering to admit even a momentary hope that its progress will be interrupted till its victory shall be complete. One fourth of the regular clergy are evangelical preachers, with the habits of itinerants and the principles of fanatics. The purchase of an advowson for a favourite preacher is so frequent that in the course of a few years we may expect to see as many of the Wesleyan connection in our country pulpits, as of the orthodox alumni of the two universities; and while the multitude are terrified into devotion by the fulminations of the usual itinerants, the respectable part of every town will be committed to the spiritual guidance of one of the beneficed preachers of the *gospel*.

I have taken the liberty, Sir, of hazarding these few casual observations as preliminary merely to a correct account of the state of religion in this town and its vicinity. Newcastle and Gateshead are supposed to contain about 20,000 adults of both sexes. Of these about 10,000 never attend any place of worship, 5000 pay an occasional visit to church, and the rest are dissenters; so that in a town of moderate size, and not remarkable for its local peculiarities, the number of Quietists and of Calvinists or Methodists, is equal, while the members of the church of England form only one-fifth of the adult inhabitants.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A NORTHUMBRIAN.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, May 20th, 1811.

The statement of this correspondent is sufficiently alarming, but (to express ourselves in the language of a personal and literary friend) we do not, on the present occasion, feel ourselves inclined to use the advantages which our situation affords us of dealing around unmitigated censure on the persons in his own neighbourhood, to whom the circumstances our correspondent has mentioned, may properly apply, merely because we may do so without the possibility of any retaliation from the injured party. This would be ungenerous in any man, and peculiarly so in the man, who, writing under the shelter of a periodical work, has entered into a species of compact with the public, that privacy shall not make him partial, nor impunity insolent. But there is a duty to the public, if there be a leniency for the individual, and we feel that our error has been an inclination to spare the feelings of the clergy, not seldom at the hazard of omitting the more important duty we owe to the people. We acknowledge this, and we acknowledge it with regret; but we will not regret it vainly. It shall be our object in future to mark with more particular and minute strictness the deficiencies which make the priesthood ridiculous, and to stigmatise those doctrinal deviations from the tenets of our church, from which our preachers revolting, leave its ancient dominion to the inroads of every spiritual free-booter, who comes forward with his rags and his religion from some region of ignorant obscurity to take possession and fix himself and his tribe in the *pulchra arca dirilisque demas*, which our ancestors consecrated to the perpetual support of genius employed in the noblest pursuits to which it could be directed—national instruction and national virtue. We venerate the establishment; it would not become us to say that it does not possess many men of almost primitive virtue: but we can scarcely point out among the ten or eleven thousand individuals who form the body of the English clergy, a single man who is qualified or inclined to prove that he is qualified to make that impression on the public feeling necessary to render the church popular. To form

such a man requires, in addition to ordinary powers of eloquence and moderate learning, zeal—fervent, devoted, self-denying zeal—a mind deeply imbued with the spirit of the scriptures—a heart that can resolve to go through its duty for the sake of obeying God, without casting a human glance on the allurements of a peer's chaplaincy, the modest sinecure of a third benefice, or the captivating phantasm of a prelacy seen at the end of a long vista of sneers and sufferings, of patient insults, conscientious meannesses, and those other *innocent* and *venial* submissions which drag down the character of religion with the character of the clergyman, and, making the one the creature of a patron, makes the other the contempt of the people. We reprobate the guilt which can suppress or disguise, or deny the genuine dictates of scripture in compliance with popular opinion, or the more perverse and untractable caprice of the superior who bribes a clergyman with the hopes of preferment: we feel indignant at the man who spends his days and nights in hunting after a wretched addition to the stipend of which he is already undeserving, and exhibiting that ludicrous and awkward imitation of the habits of higher rank which at once wastes his resources, sinks his character, and defames his religion. Our censure is justified: the language of censure is the only language that we would dare to use, and leniency to the guilty individuals is almost guilt to the public. We have in the course of our publication explored every spot where we might have a hope of meeting with any of those qualities in the pulpit that are necessary not merely to the splendor and dignity of the church, but to its existence as an useful and advantageous instructor of the general mind. We have not been fortunate enough to meet with those qualities in a degree or shape calculated to excite much hope for the future welfare of the establishment. We found some respectable men, expressing the received notions in the customary language, and not unfrequently a degree of decency in those to whom character had become an object, that for the time partially reconciled us to the base, feeble, luke-

warm spirit of diluted scripture, which they suffered to tinge their discourses. But among them all, whatever capacities of improvement they might seem to possess, we did not find one who filled our idea of the Christian orator: yet religion proffers a theme on which the orator might exert his powers without fear of exhausting his subject; a pure, splendid, unlimited expanse in which the eagle-eye and eagle-wing of eloquence might sweep and tower, and see all the usual boundaries of human efforts below its course.

Religion in the hands of the sectaries assumes the sectarian characteristics, and becomes mean and meagre, indecorous and illiberal. But the popular disaffection to the church is only to be silenced by the evidence of its actual merit. Power can only mingle in the controversy to make the cause that it espouses obnoxious and suspected. When the spirit of reformation is spreading through every branch of public employment, it may not be the least beneficial, among the many duties the metropolitan so laudably performs, to examine by what steps the clergy beneath his jurisdiction rise into their benefices. Some measure of this kind is required by the urgency of the case, for so long as the idle and profligate shall share in the revenues of the church, the establishment will decline in an equal proportion with the gradual ascendancy of fanaticism.

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## EDUCATION AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF A MODERN CRITIC.

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SIR,

OBSERVING that in your notice to correspondents you solicit the communications of the learned and ingenious, I take the liberty of offering you my services. I am, Sir,

a critic, a very great critic, a poet, such as is not often seen, a tolerable philosopher, and a very pretty inventor of epigrams. I am one of the first politicians of the age, have connections with five weekly papers, am a correspondent of half a dozen magazines, and have written within the last year more than twenty such productions as the *Haunted Tavern*, the *Horrors of Clotilda*, *Life and Love*, and the *History of Kitty Kentish*. On these latter works I rest my pretensions to the notice of posterity. Politics, alas! are fleeting, and newspapers but uncertain repositories of the most *precious morceaus* inserted in their columns; but I flatter myself, Sir, that as my effusions in the line of romance are more classical than the novels of Latham, and more charming than the tales of Rosa Matilda, they will not be quite unknown to distant generations. In description, Sir, I am superior to Mr. Mawman, in moral sentiments to Mrs. Neri, in pathos to Dallas, in sublimity to Roach, and in elegance to Murray. Permit me to hope therefore that an occasional effort at the marvellous may find admission into your pages; and that I may have the supreme felicity of melting your readers with love, frightening them with murder, or electrifying them with an elopement; and that I may convince you of my abilities without further preamble, and without the trouble of a studied essay at my first introduction, I shall shew you, by a short sketch of my history, how favourable my education and the various vicissitudes of my life have been to the development and cultivation of literary talents.

I was born, Sir, in the county of Killarney, and the first objects that attracted my youthful attention, were a bog on one side of my mother's cabin, and a pig-stye on the other. To unadorned nature, therefore, you may easily conceive that I am a friend. As for my father I had not the happiness of knowing him, and my mother has often declared that he was equally unknown to herself. You perceive, Sir, therefore, that one great inheritance to which I was born is independence. At the age of four years I was sent to the cabin of father Patrick the school-

master of Bollynomoch; under his tuition, I learned to spell the Lord's prayer, and went through the elements of arithmetic. Just as I arrived at my twelfth year one of the scene painters happening to pay a visit to the prospects that surrounded us, took a liking to me, brought me to Dublin, and introduced me as door-keeper to the green room; here my talents soon attracted the notice of the manager, who introduced me on the stage as the right foot of a camel, and after my exit, graciously thanked me for my performance. This, Sir, was the proudest hour of my life---I spent the half-crown which I received for *treading* the stage so nobly, in a bowl of punch, out of which my companions drank success to the rising talents of Mr. Scribble. Unfortunately the company separated before I had a second opportunity of appearing; and I was compelled to accompany one of the poor candle-snuffers, who was in a worse condition than myself, to London. Here, Sir, after three weeks residence at the Magpie in St. Giles's, I procured employment from a petty-fogging attorney, who graciously allowed me 4s. 6d. per week, for sitting at his desk from eight in the morning till nine at night. But nothing, Sir, could abate my literary enthusiasm. After I had concluded the business of the day I immediately fell to work on a sonnet, or an effusion of sentiment, and by means of Ash's Dictionary, and a book of rhymes, was able to indite something that met with the approbation of a club of odd fellows to whom I had been introduced. Genius, Sir, will never want encouragement; and my new companions observing my poverty subscribed sixpence each for a neatly written copy of my poems. In this manner, Sir, I obtained the enormous sum of 17s. 6d. with which I purchased a quire of paper, and obtained a share of a transferrable admission to the theatre. On my return from the play it was my custom to put to paper whatever observations occurred to me on the actors or performers. These I sent one after the other to a Sunday paper, of which the editor, Sir, as you will readily conceive, is a man of taste and spirit. My communica-

tions were inserted, and I bade adieu to the desk of an attorney.

Such, Sir, was the progress of my education; unfettered, Sir, by paternal prejudices at the outset of my infant career, acquainted at an early period with the secrets of the green-room, and since excited and rewarded by the applauses of the respectable society of odd fellows, on whom could the public eye with more propriety be fixed, as calculated to direct the theatrical opinions of the metropolis? But do not mistake me, Sir; it is not necessary in order to become a theatrical critic to understand any thing of nature or propriety, to be possessed of any discriminative powers, or to be versed in the history of the stage. No! Sir, the success of a theatrical critic depends on his vocabulary. He must have a certain collection of words and phrases which every one must allow to mean something very profound, though no one can understand them. He must be able to descant on "perfect assimilation of idea," "obtrusiveness of effect," "spontaneous reciprocity," "the dove-tailing of sense with stage-trick," "the exquisite expressions of nature struggling with finesse," and a hundred other things which make his readers wonder and admire. This, Sir, is the grand secret by which I have obtained the approbation of all true judges, and I hope, Sir, that no rival can start up equally expert in this mode of composition.

As a poet, Sir, you are well aware that I should not have much success, were I to be remarkable for nature or simplicity. I always, therefore, endeavour to avoid them; devils are my agents, and all my epithets are compounded after the most classical examples of Lewis and Co. "The *battle din*" is you will allow, Sir, much more correct as well as more poetical than "*the din of battle*." The *trumpet-clang* is surely a great deal better than the trumpet's clang, and winter king than the king of winter. The time, Sir, is fast approaching when this new mode of converting substantives will become universal, and permit me to assure you that it is one of the greatest discoveries of modern ingenuity.

In the character of a novelist, I should be little calculated to appear, were I not perfectly conversant with the most approved models of modern composition. All my efforts of this description begin with some passage after the manner of those subjoined. "It was one of those fine days in the month of June, when the western sun slowly descending his wearied course, cast a golden lustre over the dimpled stream that murmured below the footsteps of Ferdinand." "It was now night, all was wrapt in darkness, save the howling watch-dog baying to the moon, and barking with tremulous tone, at the approaching footsteps of the unwary passenger." "Hollo! there, exclaimed a voice, as the unfortunate Alberto descending down the declivity of Mount Cenis feebly groped his way among the loose pieces of rock that were spread around him. He listened, but all was silence. Again he listened, when again the "hollo!" was repeated, &c. &c.

If the preceding observations, Sir, be not sufficient to satisfy you in the departments of poetry, criticism, and novel-writing, I shall in the course of another month send you the testimonials of my abilities as a traveller, and in the mean time, in the hope of a handsome remuneration for *this* effusion, I remain, Sir,

Your most devoted,

SYLVESTER SCRIBBLE.

May 19th, 1811.

## THEATRICAL REVIEW.

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Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri;  
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor hospes.

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DURING the last month, the public papers were filled with appeals to the patriotism of our representatives, in favor of a new subscription theatre, and if mere professions of regard for the interests of the drama could have been received as satisfactory, the motion of Mr. Melish would have met with little opposition. That the present state of theatrical representation, even independent of the late innovations, is not such as it ought to be, no one will dispute. — There is undoubtedly much room for improvement, both in the selection of performers and in the internal management of the theatre. Dramatic composition is in its lowest state of degradation, our serious pieces are scarcely on a level of literary merit with the baby dialogues of Mr. Newberry's manufactory, and our genteel comedy can claim no legitimate superiority over the vapid and inanimate productions of those ancient compilers of Iambic dialogues, whose laboured yet nerveless insipidity every schoolboy has learned to despise.

In the higher departments of tragic exhibition, we are peculiarly fortunate. The Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Siddons, the Hamlet of Kemble, and the Othello of Young, are examples of perfection in the histrionic art, of which the fathers of the drama would not have been ashamed; but with the exception of these who is there that has any pretensions to tragic excellence? to strut about the stage in sullen majesty; to stamp and roar, and whine and sigh; to knit their brows when they are angry, and grin when they are pleased, are the only efforts of which our *serious* performers appear to be capable. Of nature and property they have no conception. Whether they be qualified by the gifts of personal accomplishment, to assume the appearance of heroes and lovers, or are condemned to personate the characters of tyrants and murderers, they are equally unfortunate; in the one case their defects are aggravated by extravagance, and in the other their excellencies deformed by affectation. If the present race of theatrical retainers, were divided into the classes of ranters, buffoons, insipids, and actors, it would not be difficult to calculate the number of those who might be included in the last of these divisions. But how would the dearth of theatrical ability be supplied by the erection of another theatre? After visiting the Haymarket no man

will dispute, that even under the present circumstances of the two houses, all the country performers who had the least chance of immediate success on the London boards have not had a fair trial; the late arrivals afford no very encouraging prospects of future advantage from similar speculations, and it will be found on enquiry, that if one or two performers of real excellence have no engagement with the London managers, it is owing to causes that the establishment of a third theatre would have no tendency to remove. We must take it for granted then that such a theatre would have no effect on the general merits of performers,—it could not improve the histrionic art by opening the way to competition, because there is sufficient scope for competition even in the present state of the rival houses: it could not be the means of introducing meritorious actors to the London boards, for every facility of that kind is afforded already—and if it be asserted that it would emancipate the actors of the other theatres from the tyranny of managers by offering an asylum to neglected genius or insulted talent,—we can only answer, that this is an effect of all others the most to be deprecated, that the degradation of the theatre is in a great measure owing to the capricious insolence of the performers, and that if even during the present monopoly (as it is called) the public is obliged to suffer every degree of insult and disappointment, because a favourite performer can bully his manager into compliance with his absence or indisposition, by threatening to renounce his engagement, the erection of a third theatre would be the signal of universal resistance to the wishes of the public, and the authority of the managers.

Nor has any proof been advanced that the erection of a third theatre would elevate the character of our dramatic compositions, and secure the exclusion from the stage of all such pieces as would not gratify the critic by their literary excellence, and afford a relaxation at once rational and amusing to the holiday visitor and the fashionable lounge. Of the latter descriptions, indeed, we are afraid that but a small proportion would be the frequenters of any theatre in which music and pantomime were not the principal entertainments; and till another Shakespeare shall arise the mighty work of diverting the public taste from nonsense and buffoonery to the higher excellencies of the drama must be abandoned as hopeless. The late Mr. Cumberland, indeed, ascribes the overflow of farcical and pantomimical exhibitions to the magnitude of our theatres, and contends that if the spectators could in a theatre of moderate size observe the expression of the actor's countenance in scenes of tenderness, sublimity, and horror, they would no longer be attracted by the paltry tinsel of processions, nor listen to the rant of second-rate performers. But if this observation accounts for the continual preference of pantomimes and farces over the more regular effusions of dramatic genius, it does not account for the reception of bad tragedies in preference to good ones, or

for the continual failure of those, who, in spite of discouragement and inconvenience, do actually devote their time and talents to the composition of legitimate pieces. Mr. Cumberland too was the only man of literary celebrity whose name could be found in the list of the committee; and since his death, what new hopes, as far as regards their personal efforts, can be entertained, that their success will be of advantage to the real interests of the stage, and that the British Drama shall be restored to its pristine dignity under their protection?

To this it may be answered that they shall effect their object, not by introducing to the world their own originals, but by the continued and exclusive exhibition of such plays as have long since past the ordeal of public criticism. But it should be remembered that this is yet within the power of the present Drury-lane patentees; and what security we have that the managers of the subscription theatre are more likely to accomplish this object than their predecessors, (who have declared their intention to erect a theatre of a reasonable size,) we should be happy to discover. The present committee, is, no doubt, composed of men of honor and responsibility; but the management, supposing their future efforts to be more successful than their last attempt, cannot always remain in the same hands. The future directors of such an undertaking will rather comply with the wishes of the public than become bankrupts: theatrical representations will still be governed by the taste of the populace, and if we may judge from the general pursuits and habits of the petitioners, the influence of the multitude will be more powerfully felt in the boxes of the "*National Theatre*," than in the pit of Covent Garden.

It seems, indeed, to have been forgotten that nearly all the advantages promised to the subscribers, rather depend on the disposition of the future managers of the establishment than on any security for the attainment of the desired objects inherent to the plan itself. We are told, that the restoration of the drama, is the first object that the plan is intended to accomplish; but we are not told by what peculiar means, or undiscovered resources, this object can be effected. If promises of diligence and patriotism be worthy of regard, we do not see why the protestations of the present possessors of a legal patent are not deserving of equal confidence. The renters of Drury-lane, independent of the question of right, have, at least, a claim on our generosity; their leading members have had such experience in theatrical business, as must with caution and unanimity enable them for a considerable time to defy the competition of their rivals; and if, as Mr. Cumberland asserts, their partiality to pantomime proceeded from the disproportionate magnitude of their former theatre, the reduction of its scale will be necessarily followed by their return to nature and decorum.

The *Gazette Extraordinary* is one of those unfortunate produc-

tions which it is impossible to praise with warmth, or censure with asperity. Its language is usually chaste, and not unfrequently elegant; the fable is not entirely without interest, nor the characters without spirit. Yet no one of the spectators or readers of this play would ever wish to see or read it again; the tone of the dialogue is monotonous; the incidents when separated from each other are extremely common-place; and the most amusing of the dramatis personæ are drawn either after the sketches of others, or without any attention to the realities of life. The grandfather of Lord De Mallory proud of his rank and great alliances, and highly incensed at the marriage of one of his sisters in a way which he thought degrading, determined to take on himself the disposal of his family down to the second generation. "His son and his two daughters he matched to his mind during his life, and beheld them blest with children,—this pleased him highly; for he now saw the prospect of excluding exceptionable alliances by intermarriages in his own illustrious house." He entailed his immense estates on his grandson, Lord De Mallory (Mr. Young), with the stipulation that at a stated period, which is nearly arrived, he should marry his first cousin, lady Julia Sandford. Now the manners of Lord De Mallory when a boy were haughty and repulsive. Lady Julia retaining the impressions of her youth, shrinks with horror from the idea of becoming his bride, and immediately takes her departure for the lakes. His lordship, eager to convince her how much he is changed, and how unworthily she thinks of him, follows her thither, and under the name of Major Clayton obtains her affections. This is the *foundation* of the plot, and by means not very artfully contrived all parties are made happy on his lordship's discovering himself. Lord De Mallory has no character at all. We are told that he was of a haughty and imperious disposition in his youth, and that he has now reformed; but on the stage he is merely like other respectable gentlemen. Sir Harry Aspen is a compound of the hypochondriac and the puppy; but his portrait is a mere caricature, equally destitute of originality and effect. Mr. Heartworth is a plain country gentleman; Dr. Suitall is an Ollapod in the vale of years, and Spruce was represented by Mr. Hamerton. The ladies are according to the usual run of females on the stage.—All the serious personages are *insipids*, and Mrs. Leech is a fat, vulgar, village widow, who having fondly supposed Sir Harry to be in love with her, leaves him on the discovery of her mistake, with an assurance "that she will expose his perfidy, and give a fresh warning to sensitive hearts, not to trust perfidious man."

By way of enlivening the dialogue, and giving to his characters an interest they do not inherently possess, Mr. Holman has put into the mouths of the dramatis personæ the precise words that he would wish to proceed from the audience. Thus in the first scene with Lady Julia

old Randall (who is in fact Mr. Murray in a proper suit of cloaths) replies to some insipid observation that she makes, "O you wild thing, you!" on her saying something still less remarkable for vivacity, he exclaims, "oh! you flighty creature!" and on her last declaration that "rather than one of her children should call Lord de Mallory father, she will never have a baby as long as she lives;" he dismisses her by crying, "go your ways, go your ways—for a dear merry soul!!!" Now notwithstanding all this, we must confess our inability to discover in Julia any of the qualities imputed to her. A more dull, uninteresting heroine never appeared in a modern comedy.

What may be the moral intended by the author to be deduced from ~~the~~ piece collectively, we are not able to conjecture. The sentiments interspersed in the dialogue are usually inoffensive; but we do not approve of Major Clayton's description of a petticoat. "Never hope to triumph over it—it is certain of conquest, for even if it surrender, it is only to enslave you the surer." What is this but to say, that the surest mode of rivetting the chains of a lover, is to grant him what he sighs for?

On the whole, the Gazette Extraordinary may be seen *once* without fatigue; and its readers although they will lay it down without any reluctance, cannot rise from its perusal without feeling their personal respect for its author considerably encreased, by this evidence of his talents. Chasteness of composition is, in a player, no mean or easy acquisition, and though we would rather witness the exhibition of ten of Hook's farces than of one comedy like Mr. Holman's, we laugh with the one, but respect the other.

We have seen the wonderful exploits of the horses in Timour, but it is not within the province of criticism to calculate the height of a leap, or estimate the comparative agility of Sancho and Perriwinkle. For our own parts we were not much astonished to see half a dozen ponies gallop over an obstacle fifteen inches high, through a breach wide enough to admit a coach and six; but the house was in an uproar of delight, and we left it to retire to our closet, and write a criticism on the Cambridge Eschylus!

We have received a letter from Mr. Millar on the subject of the O.P. accounts, and his transactions as treasurer to the committee of master boot and shoe-makers. With the dispute on this latter business we have nothing to do, but gladly insert the account and explanation which we requested.

*“ Samuel Millar, Treasurer of the O. P. subscription, in account with the subscribers,*

*Dr.*

*To amount subscribed, £472 13 8*

*Cr.*

By Mr. Mallet's retaining fee - - - - -	2	2	0
By subscriptions not received - - - - -	2	3	0
By advertisements - - - - -	144	9	3
By incidental expences - - - - -	28	5	11
Mr. Harmer for defending 22 persons - - - - -	58	0	6
Mr. West for 32 persons - - - - -	104	8	4
Sundry claimants - - - - -	80	0	7
Balance in hand - - - - -	53	4	0

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*£472 13 8*

*“ The claims that are made amount to considerably more than the balance due, and the committee have not yet determined how or in what proportions they shall be satisfied. If to be paid in full they require further subscriptions.”*

*“ Skinner-street, 25th May, 1811.”*

TABLE VI.  
*A List of Quack Medicines, Family Nostrums, &c.*

Name	Composition.	For.	Real effects, or effects of imprudent administration.	Sale price, inclusive of stamp.	Per	Prime cost, exclusive of stamp and bottle.
				L. S. D.		L. S. D.
1 Freeman's Bathing Spirits.	Tincture of Camphor.	Bruises, &c.	Useful.	0 2 9		0 0 7½
2 Patent Air Pump Vapor Bath.		Rheumatism, Gout, &c.	Inefficacious.	20l. to 50l.	each.	2 2 0
3 Whitehead's Essence of Mustard Pills.	Balsam of Tolu, and Black Resin.	Rheumatism, Gout, &c.	Useless.	0 2 9	box.	0 0 5
4 Rymor's Cardiac Tincture.	Black Pepper, Gentian, Orange-peel, and Cardamom seeds, and Spirits of Wine.	Nervous Disorders.	Useless.	0 2 9	bottle.	0 0 6
5 Taylor's Anti-venereal pills.	Calomel.	Lues, &c.	Efficacious but dangerous.	0 2 9	box.	0 0 2
6 Royal Preventative.	Sugar of Lead and Water.	Prevention of Gonorrhoea, &c.	Inefficacious.	1 1 0	bottle.	0 0 1

*End of Vol. I.]*

Printed by W. N. Jones, Green-arbor-court, Old Bailey, London.

